

THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. LITTELL in 1844

OCTOBER 12, 1918

NO. 3875

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS IN JEOPARDY

BY SIR JOHN MACDONELL, K.C.B.

THE League of Nations is in jeopardy, not by reason of opposition, for it encounters none — at least, none or very little that is open. Rather is it in danger of being smothered by praise, universal and rarely discriminating, so long as the project takes no definite shape and calls for no action, but only for sympathetic words. That praise does not always come from deep conviction. For when any scheme is formulated, and the difficulties confronting it are presented, to praise often succeeds coolness, or a mood of incredulity, or a warning against excess of zeal. 'Do not be in a hurry; do nothing until our Allies are consulted; if President Wilson is much in earnest M. Clemenceau is critical; wait until we know what is the best' — so often the worst enemy of the good. In spite of the eulogies showered upon the project, there is an aloofness on the part of some of those who must be its friends if it is to be a reality. The league cannot be a power in the world if it be merely the dream of intellectuals and idealists, if it be not a natural growth, the outcome of a conjunction of the aspirations of men of all sorts, weary of anarchy and endless barren strife. So far it has not 'caught

on' with labor. There have been many sympathetic references to it by leaders among the working classes here, in the United States, and in other countries. But it cannot be said to have become an article of democratic faith. In the recent labor conference in London it did not take a foremost place. It was overshadowed by questions of infinitely less moment. Nor has it become a part of the creed of the ordinary politician. He is either frankly incredulous as to it, or he declines to commit himself until a definite scheme is put before him. It has been the subject of two instructive discussions in the House of Lords. The House of Commons has not thought fit to debate it. Men of eminence in every country in Europe have given it their approval. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Barnes are its friends. Count Hertling says, in much the same terms as his predecessor, that Germany will 'unhesitatingly and joyfully join' an international peace league. Lord Grey has again expressed his belief in its practicability and urgency. 'The establishment and maintenance of a League of Nations, such as President Wilson has advocated, is more important and essential to a secure peace

than any of the actual terms of peace that may conclude the war; it will transcend them all.' These testimonies notwithstanding, in the struggle for democracy now going on the establishment of a League of Nations is not yet for most persons a principal or practical aim. The project is still somewhat of an exotic, and has not so far struck deep root in the political soil. More than a year has passed since the Allies proclaimed their adherence to the League of Nations; but it still remains in cloudland.

And so a unique opportunity is in danger of being missed. There is a risk that the profound dissatisfaction with the anarchy which made possible a colossal calamity, the unique mood of receptiveness for renovating ideas, *la malléabilité où se trouvent les choses dans le foyer incandescent de la guerre pour opérer les grandes transformations*, may pass away, nothing accomplished, nothing tried, until the rush of pressing events makes any far-reaching constructive scheme impossible, clouds of praise hiding the fact that an opportunity of putting an end to anarchy not likely to return has been missed; only a feeling of disillusion and hopelessness remaining. The error of 1814-15 may be repeated. Before the meeting of the Congress at Vienna there was a belief that long wars had purified the hearts of princes and nations, that the destructive rivalry between States had given way to liberal and enlightened views of general safety and advantage, and that the Powers of Europe would unite with the same zeal and magnanimity for the common good as when they were bound in a common cause against a common enemy. There were then, as now, expectations of great beneficial changes coming to pass. There came disillusion and disappointment. 'The professions of justice, moderation, and the

love of liberty made by the Powers of Europe at the end of the last and at the beginning of the present year were certainly admirable; they were called for at the present time, and were possibly sincere. But we are all of us apt to forego the good resolutions which are extorted from us by circumstances rather than from reason or habit, and to recant vows made in pain as violent and void.' That was the judgment of a keen-eyed spectator contrasting the high-pitched expectations of 1814 with the realities of 1815; and he was to see worse still. The Congress of Vienna, which was to reform the world, was followed by that of Verona, *une simple assemblée de police diplomatique*.

This experience may be repeated, there may be not only disillusion but entire failure, if the project continues much longer a mere idea. If business is meant, business ways should be followed. The details of a scheme cannot be extemporized, and some plan should be presented as soon as possible and with the concurrence of the Allies. The idea underlying the project is the substitution of order for the present relations of nations, of a reign of law for that of force. What is now needed is condescension to detail as to the manner of giving it effect, and confronting the difficulties encompassing any scheme, but particularly as to five questions: (a) The membership of the league; (b) its executive; (c) the sanctions to be employed; (d) the necessity, if the league is to be effective under modern conditions of warfare, for prompt action; (e) the provision for political changes.

The conclusions which will in all probability be drawn by most persons from studying these five problems is that, while a complete scheme is in present circumstances unattainable and must wait, a useful measure might, without delay, be devised; and

that no time should be lost in making a beginning of a structure which might gradually be perfected.

Of the twofold objects of such a 'league, no doubt the chief is to avert the repetition of the calamity which has befallen the world. There is also a second purpose — to punish nations grievously offending against the elementary rules of morality. Deterioration sets in when great wrongs pass unpunished and unrebuked, especially when they are condoned in smooth diplomatic phrases because it is convenient to forget them. If nations have learned anything in these years of agony it is that flagrant injustice committed by one State cannot safely be regarded as of interest only to the community suffering and directly affected. Centuries ago men got rid in their domestic affairs of the notion that a wrong done to one of its members concerned him only; our criminal and civil laws are the outcome of a higher conception. That has to be introduced into the affairs of nations. As an expression of the outraged conscience of humanity there should be some memorable and lasting condemnation of hideous crimes; and this can be done by the Entente Powers acting as a League of Nations without much new machinery or organization. Crimes have been committed the authors of which cannot, under our criminal law, be reached. The communities which sanctioned or condoned them can; provided there is not the amnesty clause usual in treaties of peace, or at least in its customary form. Germany, we are told, will ask, and may probably obtain, admission of her ships into ports in the countries of the Entente. To this permission, if granted, might be attached at least one condition: The payment as a mark of condemnation, in addition to the usual port and dock dues and charges, of an extra tax im-

posed as a punishment, perhaps popularly to be known as the 'Lusitania' or 'Belgian' tax. This need not be the only form of economic punishment for the crimes which have been committed. Mr. Havelock Wilson and his friends have determined to boycott the seamen of a nation which has murdered thousands of innocent merchant sailors, and the Norwegian and French sailors seem to have resolved to join in the movement. To individuals this would mean hardship. But it would impress upon nations as nothing else could the lesson that crimes do not pass unpunished. It might be the first work of the league; so much requires no elaborate organization; and it need not be long delayed.

The difficulties in the way of the attainment of the second chief object of the league are great, as appears from the schemes foreshadowed by Mr. Taft, Dr. Marburg, Lord Parker, and others. I take first the question of membership. Dr. Marburg would admit to it 'all the progressive Powers,' viz., the Eight Great Powers, the secondary Powers of Europe (except the Balkan States and Turkey) and the countries of South America. Lord Parker would begin with the Allies, but 'the council of the league shall have power by special resolution to admit as a member of the league any nation not originally a party thereto, provided that the council of the league is satisfied in each case that the nation proposed to be admitted *bona fide* accepts the principles on which the league is founded and *bona fide* intends that all disputes to which it is a party shall thereafter be settled by peaceful means in accordance with right and justice as distinguished from force of arms.' (Hansard, March 19th.) According to Lord Lansdowne, 'It (*i.e.*, the league) must be open to all, and must, if possible, comprise all the im-

portant Powers. No League of Nations will really be complete and really operative until it includes the whole of the most important Powers.' The danger is that there would be little cohesion or coherence of policy in any of such composite bodies as the above. The Temple of Peace reared by them would be, it has been said, a building 'in which sticks of dynamite were inserted between each course of stone.'

Dr. Marburg's scheme includes not merely a league, but a Ministry of the League, a Council of Conciliation, an International Court of Justice, and a Legislative Assembly. It also assumes that conferences will be held from time to time to formulate and codify rules of international law. Lord Parker's plan is scarcely less complex. Dr. Heber Hart, in his thoughtful book on *The Bulwarks of Peace*, postulates several essentials, among which are these: 'The treaty or league must provide for the constitution of a council authorized to declare the collective will of the constituent States. In the council of the league voting power must substantially correspond to the real power of the States represented therein'—a proposal which would meet, as similar proposals at The Hague and elsewhere have met, with the opposition of the smaller States of the world. 'The council of the league must take cognizance of any inter-State relations by which the peace may be threatened in any part of the world, and subject to the qualifications stated in the next condition must undertake the function in the last resort of settling disputed claims'—a jurisdiction of a width such as neither Pope, Emperor, nor Parliament ever arrogated. The difficulties connected with the question of 'sanction' to be imposed by the league are obvious. It is to keep on foot a police force sufficient to overpower any

possible or probable combination of States. How is this to be reconciled with disarmament—with the urgent need of reduction of the burden under which the world is oppressed? Lord Lansdowne is so impressed with the difficulties attending disarmament that he deprecates connecting it with the league. And if those difficulties are surmounted, it remains to be seen how the league could strike with sufficient speed when there may be no warning of hostilities and no time spent by the offender in mobilizing; when squadrons of bomb-laden airships, swooping down upon a capital, might in a few hours lay it in ashes.

One contingency is rarely provided for by the advocates of the league. The *status quo* cannot be perpetuated between nations any more than between individuals. There are wrongs to be righted, frontiers to be adjusted, the aspirations of nationalities to be appeased. Hitherto revolutions, insurrections, and wars have been the means of dealing with 'the dynamic factors' of politics; and if these violent methods are to be superseded by the decrees of a council with world-wide jurisdiction, what body could safely or with general approval be entrusted with these functions? I note that some writers, struck with this difficulty, have boldly advocated the permanence of present territorial distribution. 'The map of the world must be fixed as the map of the United States within its boundaries is fixed. Things as they are, or as they will be when such a plan is put into effect, must be taken as the basis for all time to come. *De facto* States will be *de jure* States; *de facto* Governments *de jure* Governments—to reverse the principles of the Holy Alliance, which is the attempt in history most nearly akin to the one suggested.'

Professor Schücking, in his work en-

titled *The International Union of The Hague Conference*, states so many strong objections to territorial questions existing or possibly arising out of the aspirations of nationalities being thrown into the melting-pot of a Congress and poured into moulds supplied by the league that he concludes that 'an international guaranty of existing territorial possessions appears to be the natural goal of the whole international development' (page 291).

Manifestly not one problem but a whole group of most complex problems will unavoidably arise when there is an attempt to construct a league with all the incidents and powers which it must possess. And yet it is just such questions—generally touched by rude hands—that are the seedbeds of war. These difficulties and others which I need not name may be ultimately overcome. A great idea has come into the political world, and there may prove to be sufficient driving power, foresight, imagination, and tenacity of purpose to bring it to fruition. Obviously all that is proposed cannot be accomplished at once or, it is probable, without many troublesome preliminaries, repeated attempts, and much effort. There is no example of an organization equally comprehensive being constructed without long preparation. The Holy Roman Empire preceded the German Constitution created by the Peace of Westphalia. It was recast by Napoleon, and again by the Allies in 1815, and it did not take its present form until it had been repeatedly modified. The Swiss Confederation, as it now exists, is the last stage in a development going back to the league of the three communities in 1291. Analogies drawn from the United States of America are deceptive. There were attempts at federation before the Colonies separated from the Mother

Country. Penn and Franklin preceded the authors of the Declaration of Independence, and the loose confederation of 1781 led up to that which exists to-day. The elements of 'The Federation of Europe' do not yet exist. The phrase may be a useful or pleasing metaphor; passed off as a reality, it is a delusion. Experience in constitution-making seems to prove that what is small and fragile at first may have unlimited power of growth, while that which is huge at its birth is often a short-lived monstrosity. The more the programme of the league is studied the more apparent is it that the advance must be by slow stages. 'Supernationalism' must come gradually.

It is noticeable that of late counter-proposals are coming to the front. There are suggestions for the establishment of a League of Neutrals: the armed neutrality of 1780 and 1800 is to be revived with new strength. It is not improbable that, if the League of Nations were likely to be formidable, German diplomatists would counter it by declaring themselves in favor of such a scheme, which would enable them to bring forward, under the name of 'freedom of the seas,' proposals intended to cripple the naval power of England. Dr. Shadwell has thrown out the idea of 'the creation of a new balance of power on a world-wide scale by the formation of two Leagues of Nations, which might be called the Land League and the Sea League, because the first would be connected by land and the second by sea. It would not mean real peace, but it might prevent minor wars and preserve the world from war for a long time.'

These are only two examples of schemes which may be used to defeat or delay the League of Nations if its friends ask too much. The question presses: Could not something useful,

though necessarily imperfect, be done with little delay? Could not the Entente Powers continue to act together after peace, and by joint economic pressure carry out the main object of a League of Nations? Exercised by the United States along with the other Allies, it might against some countries be irresistible. The chief possible forms of it are these: (a) Entire stoppage of intercourse; (b) refusal to admit ships of the offending nation to the ports of members of the league; (c) differential dues against the offender; (d) refusal to supply raw materials; (e) refusal to admit emigrants; (f) refusal to allow loans to be brought out or securities to be quoted. I admit that the history of non-intercourse measures is not encouraging. They were tried twice by the United States, and with indifferent success. The first Embargo Act was intended by its author, Jefferson, to be a substitute for war. It was, he said, to save the nation at once from the risks and horrors of war, and to set an example to the world by showing that nations may be brought to do justice by appeals to their interests as well as by appeals to arms. The measure, no doubt, caused much waste, and roused angry feelings. It was imperfectly carried out. It proved injurious to friends almost as much as to enemies. The second Embargo Act of 1808 was also somewhat of a failure, according to Madison, 'because the Government did not sufficiently distrust those whose successful violence against the law had led to the general discontent which called for its repeal!' 'The States themselves,' says President Wilson in his *History*, 'suffered from the Act more than the nations whose trade they struck at. America's own trade was ruined. Ships rotted at the wharves—the ships which but yesterday carried the commerce of the world. The quays were

deserted. Nothing would sell any more at its old price. The Southern planters suffered even more keenly than the New England merchants. Their tobacco, rice, and cotton could not be sold, and yet their farm hands, who were slaves, could not be discharged and had to be maintained. The wheat and live stock of the Middle States lost half their market. It was mere bankruptcy for the whole country. No vigilance or compulsion could really enforce the Act, it is true. Smuggling took the place of legitimate trade.'

This experience is not conclusive. Non-intercourse is only one of several practicable forms of economic coercion. The interdependence of nations is much greater than it was in 1808. At all events, economic pressure is not attended with some of the dangers inseparable from the creation of a large army placed at the disposal of the majority of the members of the league. Still, no doubt such measures would again fail if one half of the people were not in earnest in the desire for peace, and the other half were indifferent to anything but 'business as before,' which was the state of things when Jefferson applied economic pressure to England and France. With such conditions and such a prevalent temper no League of Nations is likely to succeed.

A great idea having entered the world, let it not vanish in misty sentiment, or fail by trying too much. There is a loss almost as deplorable as that of young lives—the suffering of enthusiasm which does not come more than once in several generations to cool down or be dissipated, the failure to make use of a large idea of international relations, which has penetrated many minds never before open to it. Much thinking needed for the greater task has yet to be done; some-

thing smaller but not without value is possible; and the seed of further achievements may be sown without waiting. The basis of a league sufficient to do good work already exists.

We have [to quote Lord Parker's wise words] a number of nations, great and small, united by the common conception of war as a danger to civilization, and by the determination that on no future occasion will they (out of regard for their private advantage) stand by and see wrong done by the powerful to the weak. . . . My fear has been, and is, that we should lose the practical advantage which we have gained by a fruitless endeavor to secure theoretic perfection. Let us see if we cannot give greater permanence to the existing alliance which well might be done during the war and which, if done, might have

The Contemporary Review

a potent influence in settling the terms of peace rather than something which, if possible at all, is only possible after long negotiation and discussion, which cannot conveniently take place as long as the war lasts.

The greatest of the diplomatists of the old school said that the secret of his art was to seize the fleeting opportunity, but not to confound what was then obtained with what was permanent and final. Acting in the spirit of that advice and of Lord Parker's warning, it may be well to take advantage of that now attainable, regarding it only as a stage in the advance to something better. Let us make a beginning and with the least possible delay.

THE FIGHT FOR SEA FREEDOM

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON, K.C.B.

A CLEAR definition of what Germany means by the 'Freedom of the Seas' has at last been provided. The definition appears in an article by Herr Dernburg in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, intended presumably to encourage the Austrians to hold out against privations and starvation for a few more months in the interests of Germany.

The Prime Minister (Mr. Lloyd George) said on the 18th of January:

I want to know what freedom of the seas means. Does it mean freedom for submarines, and does it mean starvation in this country? After all, we are in a very different position from America, or Germany, or France, or any other continental country. We are an island, and we must scrutinize with the very greatest care any proposal which might impair our ability to

protect our lines of communication across the seas. Freedom of the seas is a very elastic term. There is a sense in which we would rejoice to accept it, but we must guard very carefully against any attempt to interfere with the capacity to protect our shores and our shipping, that has alone enabled us to exist up to the present moment.

Speaking in the House of Commons in December, Mr. Asquith said that he had sought in vain for any exact, or even approximate, definition of the meaning of the phrase, and asked what stipulation Great Britain, for instance, would be asked to embody in the terms of peace which would curtail and fetter the immemorial right of the maritime marine of all nations of the world to use the seas in time of peace, or what limitations it

was proposed to impose upon belligerents in time of war. He added 'We are not likely to hear much more from enemy lips of the freedom of the seas.'

This prediction has not been fulfilled. During the past six months a wild clamor has been raised by Germany and her vassal Allies for an undefined freedom of the seas. Eminent and influential people in Great Britain and in friendly and neutral countries have followed suit; some of the Socialist and Labor organizations in nearly all countries, and the Bolsheviks of Russia, have joined their voices to the chorus.

Progress in discussion is impossible as long as vague expressions are left undefined, but now, at last, a clear German definition has emerged from the flood of unmeaning jargon which had hitherto swamped all connected thought on the subject. Herr Dernburg has earned the right to be taken seriously as an exponent of German economic policy. He was once Colonial Minister, he has traveled through the German Colonies and in many foreign countries, and he has made the most of his opportunities to master the problem, especially as it affects sea transport, and supply of the raw materials for German industries. Writing from the point of view of Germany, he defines the freedom of the seas as 'unimperiled imports *at all times*.' We must note this wording with great care, and remember that, early in the war, he told an audience in the United States of America that, by the freedom of the seas, Germany meant the 'traditional *mare liberum*,' a very different affair, as we shall see later.

The German Empire is first and foremost a land power, and, when searching for a clue to her sea policy, much can be learned from her land policy, as disclosed by the trend of events in the present war. Herr Dern-

burg now explains to the Austro-Hungarian public that, in the present military situation on land, the Central Powers *alone* have the supply routes to certain Eastern countries in their hands, and in those countries they can 'shut out all competition from others' and 'stretch out suckers far into the interior of Asia.' His words are so reminiscent of the cuttle-fish, that I must here interpose a reference to another attribute of that unattractive reptile (is it a reptile, by the way?), and that is its unpleasant habit of obscuring its activities by squirting out floods of ink. So many people have been confused by these floods, that we ought to be grateful to Herr Dernburg for clearing them all away by explaining that, by the freedom of the seas, Germany means unimperiled imports for herself from oversea countries, while she intends to shut off the merchants of those countries from all territory dominated by her armies, or by those of her catspaw 'Allies.'

We will now seek some guidance from Count Hertling, whose official position as Imperial Chancellor gives his pronouncements great authority. We will pass over the fact that in 1914 the people of Germany were told that they went to war because their Fatherland was in danger; that they must give their lives, and all they held most dear, to defend themselves against an undefined bogey of imaginary encirclement. We will turn to Count Hertling's explanation that 'from the beginning' the German war aim has been economic development in every direction. What does this mean? As affecting continental countries it clearly means, as Herr Dernburg has told us, that the Germans want, by the use of force, to shut out all competition in territories reached by their armies, and that they want also to stretch out their suckers into

adjacent lands. The Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest treaties, and the new treaty with Finland, support Herr Dernburg's interpretation.

It is always very difficult for us to plumb the depths of German policy. Being based upon violence, and upon no other considerations whatever, that policy must vary constantly with the success or failure of their armies as the instruments of unrestricted violence. The present situation is as follows: While Austria-Hungary, Turkey, Bulgaria, Finland, and the party claiming to rule over Russia, are content to lick the Prussian jack-boot, the Government of the German Empire, that is to say, the Great General Staff at Berlin, can at present control the supply routes (Herr Dernburg's expression), and shut out all enemy and neutral commerce from economic competition with Germany over the whole of Europe with the exception of Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Sweden (?), Norway, and a small part of Belgium. Some restricted traffic is still possible with Russia through her ports within the Arctic Circle, but this the Germans, using the Finns as their catspaws, are doing their best to stop. The sea routes in the Baltic and the Black Sea are dominated by German forces or by forces under German control. Their avowed design in the Black Sea is, by the use of force, to insure economic control over large areas in Asia, and so to shut out all competition from others there, as well as over the greater part of Europe.

In these circumstances, why are they not content? Why, in their so-called peace 'offers,' do they, not 'offer' peace, but, as a neutral lately said, 'threaten it under pain of punishment'? Why did they launch the great Kaiser battle which has failed

to force us to our knees, and will never do so? The reason is clear. Because they are getting desperate. They have now grasped the fact that the Central Powers are industrial countries which depend upon raw materials, imported by sea, for the prosperity, and even for the existence, of their industries. The sea routes cannot be controlled by German armies, so Herr Dernburg explains that they must go on fighting for unimperiled imports at all times, which is what they mean when they talk about the freedom of the seas.

We must remember that, in time of peace, German imports by sea *have never been imperiled*. Early in the war, Herr Dernburg told an audience in the United States of America that by the freedom of the seas the Germans meant the 'traditional' *mare liberum*. It was a cunning move, worthy, in its abstention from veracity, of Berlin wireless, which is now a byword over the whole world for that quality. Until the 4th of August, 1914, unimperiled imports into Germany were secured by the doctrine of a free sea — *mare liberum* — for which our forefathers fought for centuries, and finally secured for the Germans, and for all other nations in the world, a hundred years ago. This traditional policy of a free sea enabled the Germans to build up their immense mercantile marine, containing great fleets of steamers like those of the Norddeutscher Lloyd and the Hamburg-Amerika lines. In the madness of our magnanimity we not only gave them every facility to import our raw materials by their bounty-fed shipping (and control of shipping is one of the most potent factors in exercising control over the destination of goods at the export end of the trade route), but we even allowed her to dump the products of bounty-fed industries in our own country, to compete with

those of our own population. It cannot be for the freedom of the seas, then, for 'unimpered imports,' that she went to war. It is conceivable that she thinks that she is compelled to fight on to regain the privileges which she fears that she has lost. Herr Dernburg published his article in Austria. No one in Germany as yet has ventured to explain to the nation that the great Kaiser battle, which has lasted since the 21st of March, was launched by the General Staff in order to try and regain what Germany already possessed in 1914, unimpered imports. They have constantly been told that they are fighting for the freedom of the seas, an inspiring battle-cry, as long as it remained vague and undefined.

The doctrine of a free sea — *mare liberum* — applies to normal times, to times of peace. But Herr Dernburg uses the expression 'unimpered imports at all times,' so he means to include war. If my representation is accepted, the British view is that this privilege must be fought for by belligerent navies, causing as little inconvenience as possible to neutrals, and that the right of searching neutral merchant ships must be maintained in order to verify their nationality, and prevent their aiding an enemy. Without going into the probable economic result of the German cruelties and frightfulness at sea, to which I shall revert later on, I must here refer to Herr Dernburg's estimate of the effects of their U-boat warfare in the year 1917. He places the value of ships, goods, and raw materials lying at the bottom of the sea as a result of German activities during that year at 1,250,000,000/. I want to point the moral. These losses, especially in raw materials and in shipping, are likely to bring about economic ruin after the war, combined with plague, pestilence,

and famine, among the industrial population of Central European countries. If my view is correct, there will not be enough raw materials to go round. Either Germany and her vassals must go short, or her enemies, who now hold the seas, must go short and suffer from the same evils.

Put in a few words, the German war policy is to destroy all raw materials on the high seas, as a means of winning the war, and to employ catch-phrases like 'freedom of the seas' to secure themselves against the resultant shortage of raw materials after the war. After beating the Germans in the great Kaiser battle, the most vital issue before the British Empire and Allied Powers is how to secure themselves against this economic danger, how to make sure that the raw materials produced in their own territories shall be available, in the transition period after hostilities cease, for their own industrial population. There are two means of attaining this object: (1) by Government action, and (2) by the action of individuals. I will take the second first, because I think that it is likely to be most effective. Germany's opponents are democratic nations, and my studies have led me to the conclusion that, in time of peace, the Government of a democratic country will do anything in reason for the people, except govern them. In time of war, of course, conditions are different; all communities, however democratic, long to be governed when threatened by peril from without. They want to put their faith in strong leaders, and in course of time they find them.

In dealing with the probable action by individuals, I think it is safe to assume that the German policy of unrestricted violence in waging war cannot be carried out without earning the obloquy of the nations against which this policy is applied. This is an

economic factor which cannot be ignored. I have been told that, when it comes to business, a commercial man thinks of nothing whatever but the price he can get for the article he wants to sell. That if Germany offers him a blood-stained and polluted note for 6*l.* for that article and his own countryman or an Ally offers 5*l.*, the German gets it — 'every time,' as my informant expressed himself. I think that he took too low a view of commercial nature, and I get a good deal of comfort out of some of Mr. Have-lock Wilson's pronouncements on behalf of British merchant seamen, and out of the similar attitude displayed by various trade organizations and individual firms and their employees. I think the general public, if anyone could ascertain their views, would express similar sentiments. At all events there can be no harm in putting the issues clearly before all classes of the community, in the United Kingdom, in the self-governing Dominions, in India, and in Allied countries.

In their mad worship of Mammon, whom they have renamed Economic Development, the Germans boast that they have secured for their merchants freedom from competition in the vast areas occupied by their armies. They now explain that it was with this object that they attacked their neighbors, without provocation, in 1914. The industrial magnates coöperated with the army authorities, who were thirsting for military glory, in going to war for this reason. The 'cannon fodder' classes in Germany are worked upon most effectively by fear. This factor was used as follows: They were told at first that they were in danger of attack, a purely imaginary danger. The encirclement bogey worked upon their fears. Fear of imaginary *franc-tireurs* was deliberately used to frighten the German troops into perpetrating

the horrors in Belgium which cannot even be read about by those not equipped with strong stomachs. Fear of famine, resulting from shortage of raw materials, is now being used to justify driving hundreds of thousands of German soldiers to the slaughter in the Kaiser battle in France and Flanders. By fear they hope to force their enemies to their knees, and they cannot understand why other nations are not so susceptible to fear as themselves. In order to enforce German economic dominance, their acknowledged method is to try to break the will of each nation they attack, and to kill all national sentiment and national spirit. The results they have so far produced in Belgium have lately been described by a well-known Brussels lawyer, who tells us that the rich people in Belgium are spending their capital, the people of the middle class are completely ruined, and the laboring class, the majority of whom are unemployed, are on the verge of starvation, and entirely dependent on relief from outside. Most people have lost 25 per cent of their weight, the cases of tuberculosis have increased by 100 per cent, and the doctors, in spite of their untiring devotion, can no longer cope with the work. The mortality, which was 8.5 per 1,000 in 1913, was 19.30 in 1917, and the birth rate has decreased from 17 per 1,000 to 13.7. And the spirit of the Belgian nation remains unbroken. The Germans have not attained their avowed object of securing their complete economic dominance over Flanders.

Under German influence the Turks have advanced the prospect of German economic development in Armenia by a more rapid method, by massacre of the whole Armenian nation, men, women, and little children, as the Germans themselves massacred the Herrero nation in Southwest

Africa. The merciless use of force to obtain economic advantages for Germany before the Russian nation could recover from their grievous sickness was shown during the negotiations at Brest-Litovsk. We have heard much of the Ukraine 'bread peace' that failed to plunder breadstuffs from the Ukraine peasantry, and certainly did not bring peace. We are hearing all about German economic development resulting from their insisting upon making peace with Finland, a country with which they were not at war; and von Kühlmann's song of triumph over Rumania after the Bucharest Treaty (the 'oil peace') is still fresh in our memories. Herr Dernburg, in his pæan of victory addressed to Austria, now boasts that the Entente is no match for the Germans in the field, and points out as a result that the Germans *alone* have the supply routes in their hands, and can shut out all competition from others in the economic struggle over the greater part of the Continent. Let us remind Herr Dernburg that the battles between the armies in the field are not yet concluded. Let us remind him too of a saying attributed to a Prussian General — that one does not fight battles to defeat the opposing army, but to stimulate the desire for peace behind the opposing army, and let him ponder over the fact that no nations opposed to Germany desire the German peace with which they have constantly been threatened. Then let us leave him on land and get back to our natural element, the sea.

German armies cannot cross the high seas. They cannot enforce their economic domination over us by arson, massacre, ravishment, pillage, and enslavement of the population. That point they are now obliged to face, together with the fact that the raw materials, without which German in-

dustries must collapse, are in the hands of oversea enemies. As they have been unable to apply their land methods against these nations, they have done their best to apply them to the merchant seamen of the world. They have tried to do so by sinking merchant ships without warning; in some cases they have deliberately fired upon the helpless crews and passengers who have succeeded in taking to boats and rafts, and in other cases, as in that of the steamship *Belgian Prince*, they have tortured the survivors, and left them to a lingering death. Some months ago we were told that 15,000 defenseless civilians had been murdered by German U-boats. We have not been told the latest figures. The result they have attained by their ferocity at sea has been that the spirit of the merchant seamen of the world is more steadfast than ever; these men have taken the law into their own hands by refusing to carry 'pacifists,' or to promote German economic development in the transition period following hostilities.

This brings us to our point about what individuals and trade organization can do. German economic development at our expense means starvation of our industrial population for want of raw materials after the war. They can best be saved if the producers of certain raw materials (we have many experts who could draw up a list for us) do not sell their property or allow their property to be sold to German merchants in the transitional period, and if the buyers of manufactured articles insist upon a guaranty that such articles are not made in Germany. Everyone who does not approve the German policy of unlimited violence and undiluted horror will probably adopt this procedure, and so adopt what I believe to be the most effective weapon in the

economic fight for sea freedom, the sentimental weapon. It is called a weapon advisedly, because it is suited for employment in warfare, and in the transitional period between hostilities and normal peace conditions. I do not refer to normal times. Fiscal controversies are beyond the scope of my subject.

Now let us pass to the second point, what Governments can do to help in the fight for sea freedom. Firstly, of course, they must see that strong enough sea forces are maintained to insure, in the opinion of their seamen advisers, that, given good leadership, we can defeat the sea forces of Germany and her Allies. Whether the various nations which compose the British Empire can combine to make this provision without the help of allies is a question of high policy upon which I would not dare to trespass. I only point to the old days when we did make such provision, to the pleasant feeling in those days that we could go our own way as long as we did not adopt an aggressive policy against any other Power, and to the extent to which our strength at sea enabled us to champion the cause of weak nations against the strong. If we cannot hold the seas ourselves against the Central European aggressive Alliance, it is clear that we must go to other nations for help; the endurance of the British Empire, and the security of the United Kingdom, will then depend upon the good will of those nations.

The other function that falls upon all Governments, in the economic fight for sea freedom, is to insure that the industries and the products of their countries are not exploited by foreign nations at the expense of the home population. The Government weapons, as apart from the weapons in the hands of the people themselves, are legislation, purchase of output, and control of destination of exports,

what Herr Dernburg calls 'controlling the supply routes' when dealing with the situation on land. Of legislation we have an example in the Non-ferrous Metals Act; of purchase we have examples in the wool clip of Australia, and the cotton crop of Egypt. To control the supply routes, the pooling of the British and Allied shipping, a war measure, can perhaps be extended over the transition period, if such a course is advisable in order to secure supplies of raw materials for the industries of the British Empire and Allied countries. From all directions we hear of the desperate efforts being made by Germany to expedite the building of German shipping, and to purchase or charter the neutral merchant ships that survive her U-boat campaign when hostilities cease. Her object in doing so is to control the destination of raw materials at the export end of the trade routes, and to take them away from our own industrial population.

We must gird up our loins for the economic fight for sea freedom in the transition period following the war. We cannot listen to the faint-hearted who suggest compromise, because the principle of uncompromising and unlimited violence controls German policy, and will control it as long as Germany is governed by Prussia, and Prussia by the Great General Staff, whether under a Kaiser, or under an association of industrial magnates. The whole future of the world, freedom for all nations, great and small, to develop in their own way and attain their own ideals, depends upon the wise conduct of the economic campaign. Action is required, rather than further discussion; action by individuals, and action by Governments to give effect to their policy. Let us keep clearly before us two points. The Germans are glorying in the possibili-

ties opened to their commerce in countries over which their armies have passed, devastating, plundering, and torturing the civil population, in order to break the national will for the sake of German 'economic development,' which means securing German merchants against competition by the merchants of all other countries, whether allied to Germany, neutral, or hostile. Unable to cross the seas, they have tried to defeat oversea na-

The Nineteenth Century and After

tions by destroying £1,250,000,000 worth of property, according to their own estimate, in one year. Their present hope is that they may save themselves, at the expense of the industrial population of the British Empire, and allied and neutral countries, from the terrible distress that the resulting shortage of raw materials is likely to bring about all over the world. That is the true meaning of the coming fight for sea freedom.

SPECTATORS

BY CLARA SMITH AND T. BOSANQUET

XIX

MRS. JOHN WYCHWOOD TO MR. NICOLAS ROMER

20, St. Leonard's Terrace,
Chelsea, S. W.,
August 7, 1914.

My dear Nicolas,

I don't think a fear of setting bad examples or a desire to set good ones should be allowed to undermine all one's kindly impulses. Why *did n't* you come and find us instead of being a model to your fellow creatures? And now I expect there are no trains to take to London any longer, or at any rate, they are very scarce and unreliable in their habits. I dare say you don't know it, but your own Mrs. Abbott has a niece called Tamar, with red hair and a home in Carlisle, which home she left last Friday for a week's holiday in London. 'And when I went to Euston to-day, ma'am, I found it all of an uproar, and the porter said

I'd better sit on the platform and see what turned up, but it was n't likely to be a train to Carlisle.' So Tamar is still here, and even Daisy does n't expect to be one of a war family at Greenways this week-end, though she evidently succeeded in ordering an indecent amount of provisions, for some patriot attacked her publicly in the stores on the subject of her tenth tinned tongue. I gather that poor Daisy was quite speechless with indignation at the moment of the insult, and the only action she took was to lodge a complaint against this unknown member with the authorities, but she was articulate enough on the matter to-day!

Her feudal instincts, however, are beginning to return to their own, and I am in hopes they will triumph over the more selfish claims of family affection. In spite of the drains, in spite of the misfortune that her chauffeur was a Reservist, and her car is there-

fore temporarily useless, she now proposes to go down to Oaklands as soon as it is physically possible, in order to review the economic position of the village. It is sure to have lost a good many men to the colors — she was president of the Chardale League for not dealing with tenants or tradesmen whose available sons were not Territorials — and she considers their forlorn dependents her responsibility. So I hope the surplus stores food may be devoted to them rather than to Betty and me, though I can't feel that we are any of us in serious danger of starvation for a long time yet — so long, indeed, that surely the war must be over before it comes. I don't believe in Mr. Crittenden's year, not even his six months, for all his knowledge of Germany. You must n't have such pessimistic friends, or if you do, don't tell me what they say. I can only afford to listen to the confident people who have done sums about the time of mobilization, and prove that the decisive battle will take place on August 21 or 22, and after that they say we shall know 'how things are going.' Even a fortnight seems an intolerably long time to wait. It's like one of those horrid illnesses that has a crisis on a chosen day, and nothing, nothing to be done about it.

I have n't made any personal plans about week-ending, or anything else beyond to-morrow, as they seem really too irrelevant, altogether apart from the practical uncertainties of carrying them out. I don't think, moreover, that I want to go back to the country yet. The war would seem there even more insane and unreal than it does in London, and I still want the moral support of other people as bewildered by the transformation scene as I am myself. Oh, yes — I *am* saved from my visit to Hilda, though perhaps that counts as her plan and not mine.

She wrote on Wednesday and said — I think this is an accurate quotation — 'Of course you will understand that this terrible affair has canceled all private arrangements. We must suffer with our country. Leonard may have to be in London, and my place is by his side. This war is one more proof that women's work is needed in the world'

'Does she mean knitting or nursing?' asked Betty.

I remembered my last 'quiet evening' with her and explained: 'She does n't knit. She only studied the more decorative forms of needlework, such as embroidery, which could add to the sum of beauty in the world.'

'But she *can't* nurse,' we both said at once, and when Miss Dane came to tea this afternoon we referred the letter to her.

'She means votes, of course,' was Rosamond's brilliant solution. 'I don't know either of them, but I'm inclined to feel sorry for the person called Leonard.'

'You'd be sorrier still if you knew Hilda,' said Betty.

'You evidently have n't joined the league for speaking well of your enemies,' retorted Rosamond. 'You begin with your private acquaintances, and proceed, after practice, to try your strength on the Kaiser.'

'We've only had the chance of sewing-bees and hospitals,' said Betty mournfully. 'We lead narrow lives.'

'What have you joined yourself?' I asked.

'Nothing yet,' said Rosamond, 'but I think I'm going to open a bureau for disinterested sympathy and advice. I shall have a palmistry department, and tell people whether they were born for socks or thermometers.'

'You won't have much time left for literature,' I suggested, reflecting on the need for guidance I'd already encountered among my own friends.

'Literature has no paper left for me,' explained Rosamond. 'The world's supply is in danger, and even the *Daily Telegraph* may grow thin. People like me, who live by their great thoughts, will have to try and increase the demand for public speaking.'

The lack of paper and the great thoughts apply equally to you, Nicolas. Do you feel inclined to adopt the remedy also? Though I can't think what would increase the demand for such a commodity as public speaking except general elections, which are just as *déclassés* now as the Irish question. Or perhaps you would rather be a voluntary worker on the staff of her bureau, and help with the solid business of character reading, for which you are much better qualified than Rosamond. (You might begin with an easy case like myself, for I have n't chosen a vocation yet.) She can wear white, in which she looks more of a changeling than ever, and be the official confidante.

It was at this point, before we had worked out the details of either scheme, that Daisy called, and we had to take life in earnest while she told us of the agitator at the stores and of her plans for the economic redemption of a deserted village, so I don't know what has actually happened to Miss Dane's work, but I'm afraid something has. I should feel quite happy about her finances if there really were any money to be made out of sympathy — the variety to which she treated Daisy this afternoon was as ingenious as it was charming. Can you think of any method of realizing such an asset? I can't, and I'm glad that she has, at any rate, the much sounder one of a very nice brother to look after her, though I dare say, under ordinary circumstances, he is n't allowed much opportunity.

'Ordinary circumstances,' by the way, appear to have suffered a dislocation extending to character, as well as to material details such as trains. I expect they are both very superficial changes at this stage, but there's no knowing what they may be, and I found the following example distinctly impressive. Daisy, as you know, has no social use for those of her sex who earn their own livings. She will always treat them with underlined kindness, but they simply have n't been called to the same station in life as she has, and there's no more to be said; she does n't even make the usual exception in favor of artists. So I foresaw that when Rosamond should have gone (after solemnly discussing the moral advantages of poverty with special reference to herself, and the great spiritual advance we might now hope to see among the hard-hit rich) and Daisy be left, there would probably be not only the threatened inquiry into her pedigree, but also admonitions as to the caste from which new friends should be drawn, for she does regard both you and me as rather unqualified caretakers of Betty. Well, neither of these things happened! All Daisy said in criticism was: 'Miss Dane has an attractive face; why is n't she married?' And: 'Do you know what sort of an education she has had? Mrs. Tarrant wants a governess for Hazel, and perhaps Miss Dane might do.'

I left out any reply to the first question — always a difficult one to answer for anyone else! — and said to the second that I thought it was probably good.

'I suppose she is a member of the Church of England?' went on Daisy.

I said I did n't know, a legal if not a moral truth.

Daisy did n't even bring up against me the Sundays in Italy or Switzer-

land on which I ought to have found out. She merely said: 'Will you remember to ask her, Anne, as this is essential. I believe Nicolas told me her father was a professor, and they have such extraordinary religions.'

I thought the Tarrants would be more likely to make searching inquiries about Rosamond's sense of humor (which would pass their test all right) than her attendance at church, but I kept this reflection to myself, and suggested, very mildly, that Miss Dane was not cut out for being a governess (she is n't, but it would be very interesting to see what she could do for Hazel's artistic clothes), to which Daisy paid no real attention, and I must remember to prepare Mrs. Tarrant and Rosamond for possible future developments.

I wonder if Morrison has written to you yet about your own work. I selfishly hope not, if his silence means you will come up to London for information. We still have telegrams with us, have n't we? Send me one in warning if you conveniently can, and in case you don't come soon I expect you'd like to know that Mrs. Abbott's son has enlisted, and she would appreciate anything you could say to cheer her up. She is extra depressed, because her brother went through the South African War, and, as she told me sadly this morning: 'He came back with such a wild look in his eyes, ma'am, and I don't think it did him any good.' Poor lady! What did she expect of war? She does n't go the length of suggesting, as your news agent did this morning, that it's the will of God, but she did add her usual resigned commentary on life: 'There's no remedy for these things, ma'am,' just as she did when she first told me, long ago, that her husband had been caught in the electric light engine at his work and hammered to death one

morning; as she did when she told me, last year, that Frederick's young lady had married someone else. The choice is n't open to you, but, as an academic question, would you rather consider war to be the will of God and therefore incurable, or the will of man and therefore tragically unnecessary?

Write to me, too, if you don't come. I make no comments on the international situation which is gradually being revealed to us, because they seem too entirely futile. There seems nothing left but to hope that we shall get it all over as quickly as possible.

Yours ever,

Nanda.

XX

MR. NICOLAS ROMER TO MRS. JOHN
WYCHWOOD

The Second Bungalow
Camber Sands, near Rye,
August 14, 1914.

My dear Nanda,

There are times when your talent for being incidental rises to the height of positive genius, and I think your method of letting me know about Frederick's patriotic demonstration may be taken as quite on that lofty level. At least I hope it's that — merely your accustomed and familiar gift intensified — for the only other conclusion would be that *your* character has been more dislocated by the national convulsion than even Daisy's and I could n't bear that. I must have a recognizable sister to cling to in these strange days, when everyone seems to be turning into something or somebody quite different at a most intensive rate of evolution. I'm sure I'm not being half intense enough myself, for I have n't nearly reached the stage at which Frederick's enlistment means no more to me than the calling up of Daisy's chauffeur. And

surely it must be a matter of some immediate importance to you and Betty as well as to his mother's feelings, is n't it? Or is the red-haired Tamar still waiting for the train to Carlisle, and putting in her expectant moments cleaning the boots and knives (badly, I expect); and performing the other curiously mixed duties that were Mrs. Abbott's notion of the right sort of service for her son? I can't imagine that you've persuaded her to let you introduce one of the Greenways 'staff' into the house — unless, indeed, she is entirely broken in spirit by Frederick's enlistment. I did write to her, and I entreated her to let me know what arrangements she was making for your and Betty's continued comfort; but so far I have n't had a word of response from her, and I'm beginning to suspect you all of a conspiracy of silence about the domestic working of my house. I don't feel at all certain that you are n't helping Betty at this moment to sweep out the 'waiting room' with tea leaves, or to make the beds, which would probably be much more comfortable to sleep in if Mrs. Abbott did them. Tell me at once what is taking Frederick's place, and whether it is satisfactory.

I enjoyed the letter I had from the gallant recruit himself, by the same post as yours. He told me that — 'I was taken by surprise, sir, outside of a recruiting office, and before I'd been able to think the matter out quietly, discovered I had joined the army for three years or the duration of the war. Hoping this will not inconvenience you, I remain, your obedient servant, F. Abbott.' As the inconvenience falls on you so much more than on me, I'm free to feel enormously relieved by his having taken this step entirely on his own initiative. I suppose if he had n't, I should have had to make it

clear to him some time or other that if he wanted to enlist I should n't stand in his way, and I should have hated putting a case like that to a strong young man. It's no comfort to know that lots of other infirm and elderly men will be busy putting that kind of case to the young and strong all over the country. Did n't you forget the recruiting meetings there would be when you indulged in the vain hope that the war might kill the demand for public speaking? I don't fancy it's the kind of public speaking Miss Dane would care to try her hand or tongue at, though, and I don't see any prospect in it for myself.

But I'm quite as much out of work as she is now. Morrison wrote to tell me of the *Encyclopædia's* death — 'suspended during the present international hostilities' is the correct term. He has hopes of a war correspondence job himself, though it does n't look as if the war correspondents were going to have much of a time in this war, between restrictions abroad and the censor at home. Even Billy admits that it would n't be worth while to go to the front on those terms, though I'm not sure that he is n't just the right man to do the sort of war sketches that are publishable. He could make lots of copy out of the sight of an abandoned knapsack by the roadside, and could give a vivid impression of armies battling just round the corner. However, his present idea is to wait till he is well enough to be passed for soldiering. 'I'm not nearly such a rotten shot as you seem to imagine, Nick,' he told me, 'and I can easily pass for thirty.' I dare say he is right, but I can't believe that a man who can translate his vision into paint as happily as Billy ought to be allowed anywhere in the line of a possible German bullet. I hope with all my heart that there won't be any

question of it, that Morgan is all wrong about the time the fighting is going to last, and your arithmetical friends right about a decisive battle on the 21st, or whenever they've worked it out to — provided the decision is in our favor, of course! Everyone except Morgan seems quite certain that if we can only keep the German army from Paris, the Russians may be trusted to do all the rest. 'As far as I can make out,' Morgan said last night, 'the kind of mental image most people have formed is of hordes of irresistibly victorious Cosacks (who they think of as semi-savages on horseback) swarming like locusts over Central Europe, and finally joining hands with the French and English over the corpses of all the soldiers of Germany and Austria. I'm blessed if I can see what else they mean by all this journalese about a 'steam-roller.' My own idea is that if anything is going to do steam-rolling it's the German army, if we don't manage to get it out of gear. Thank goodness it is mostly machinery.'

But I'm not going to tell you how we all talk and talk! You talk too, naturally, just like the rest of the country. Do you think there can ever before have been a time when the whole of England was talking in such unison as now? Is it entirely because we're so convinced by the *White Paper* of the righteousness of our cause, or is it chiefly because we were lucky enough to have a Liberal Government in power, so that now there's hardly anyone (and even less in the way of newspapers) left to be a peace party? It's very interesting to hear everybody talking about the same thing — it illuminates what Morgan would call mental processes in a new way; but I hope it won't go on for all the prophesied months of war. I

can't believe that even now our minds are all so exclusively occupied with tactics and strategy as our conversation implies, and as two of Mrs. Crittenden's friends suggested the other day. She met them, a husband and wife who are down for their holiday, singly in the street. First the wife, a very keen golf player in ordinary life, who was loaded up with sketching apparatus, and obviously making for a point of view. 'Oh, yes,' the lady explained, 'I don't play golf now. I find it distracts my thoughts too much!' It was a good reason for taking to the pursuit of art, was n't it? When Mrs. Crittenden encountered the husband five minutes later she learned that he, too, had renounced golf, but so far he is without any mind-refreshing substitute. 'I try to follow the movements of the troops,' he told her.

'But we are n't allowed to know anything about them,' Mrs. Crittenden objected.

'No,' he replied, 'but that gives one so much more scope.'

It certainly does! Anything may be happening anywhere, and if Miss Garnett did n't possess an uncle in the War Office we should n't feel at all sure about our Expeditionary Force being safely landed on the other side of the Channel — though we are quite convinced that the big boats we see crossing from the Folkestone direction must all of them be transports; they pass at too great a distance for us to be convicted of mistaken confidence by the evidence of any telescope. Miss Garnett is quite the most admired member of our circle now, and we are greatly privileged when she reads us spirited and uninforming passages from her family correspondence. We all feel cheered by their unanimous testimony to the gallantry of our forces, except Guy,

who wraps himself afresh in a mantle of black gloom after each enthusiastic outburst. I don't know what is really in his mind, but he is horribly cross, and won't talk about the colony in Wales any more. He does n't speak about the war either, except to denounce us as hypocrites, as no doubt we may be, some of us. But it is n't given to many people to know immediately and certainly how they feel about a calamity on this huge scale, still less to be ab'e to express their feelings adequately and spontaneously, and in the meantime we must adopt some sort of decent pose. My own sensation is that great black blocks of 'war' come thrusting their dislocating way in among the old peaceful patterns of contemplation, and then fade out again almost entirely for a time. But of course that is a stage that must soon pass. Perhaps when we've had time to stretch our minds round the conception of war we shan't be quite so busy proving the intensity of our emotions about it by refusing to speak of anything else.

You'll be thinking by this time that your brother himself has spoken more than enough, but I'm sure you'll like to know that Rye is n't limiting itself to words, but is already organizing its defense against the Kaiser and his millions. We have seen two men with guns guarding the railway bridge against possible destruction by alien enemies. Morgan says they are enthusiastic amateurs, and that as soon as they are really authorized defenders they'll be enrolled as 'special constables,' and not encouraged to carry anything more deadly than a cudgel on their beats. We've heard of a Town Guard that is being formed, drilled to make a stand in the last dyke if necessary — you must remember that Rye considers itself one of the likeliest landing places for an invading

army — and every day we can observe a recruiting sergeant sizing up the young men in the street. He is n't recruiting for the Town Guard, but for a territorial regiment that may be going to the front quite soon, and I believe the response has been pretty good. The really conscientious objectors are n't so much the younger men as their older relatives who have grown used to relying on their activities. 'Ow could I carry hon my business if my sons were hout at the front?' said one perfectly frank parent.

Guy has just come in full of rage because he has met 'an old johnny' on the links who he declares to be the incarnate spirit of every recruiting meeting. Here is the outcome of his wrath.

This evening, as I walked over the dunes,
I met a fat old man in green knickerbockers.
His cap was pushed awry,
And his bald head glistened in the level
 sunlight.

His lips were loose and pale,
He carried a golf-club in his hand.
Behind him ran a boy,
A little boy in a torn shirt,
Holding a brown canvas case bound with
 leather,
Full of golf-clubs with shining heads.
And as I passed by the old man hailed me,
For war, he said, makes us all friendly;
So we exchanged the evil news.
And he declared that it was glorious
To be at war.
He said that this was what the country
 needed

To wake it up,
And that the end justified all the wreckage
Of fine young promise.
Then I came away and left him
Looking for his little white ball.

I expect I've done wrong in beginning the lines with capital letters, but habit has been too strong. I'm no judge of the merits of this latter-day Whitmanism. But I'm sure it can't be nearly so effective a cure for a bad mood as sonnet-making used to be to

me and my contemporaries. It's much too easy to do, and would leave plenty of fiery energy over for more destructive explosions.

Have you seen Peter Dane lately? I had a post card from him yesterday, to tell us that he hoped to come down soon to see us here, but that he is very busy arranging to learn to fly. Does he mean to join the Flying Corps?

I've been wondering whether you and Betty could n't begin to consider afresh the possibility of coming here?

Morgan has asked me to stay on as long as I can. I don't think he feels very sure of Guy as a companion for Billy just now — he's in a frame of mind when he might bolt off anywhere at no notice at all. And as I'm perfectly idle and useless, I may just as well be here as in any other place. If you were here too there would be nothing left to wish for in a strictly private and personal way.

Yours ever,

Nicolas.

(To be continued)

THE FUTURE OF THE FRENCH STAGE

BY MARC HENRY

To all those who earnestly desire the revival and reorganization of the forces of the nation after the war, the future of our stage should be a subject of concern, no less than the future of our commerce, our manufactures, our merchant marine, our banking system, or our democratic ideas. The productive energy of a people manifests itself at one and the same time in all its spheres of activity. History teaches us that the movement of ideas in France, the radiation of French thought throughout the world in its every aspect, have always coincided with the most glorious periods of our evolution.

When rivalry in the arts of peace shall have succeeded the bloody conflict of armed hosts, the idea will recover all its value. The superiority of any form of culture will be indicated by its power of expansion and proselytism. Therefore, each one of us, in

his own sphere, should strive to develop the French idea, to give it a well-developed body, vigorous health, with the power to spread itself abroad — and wings to fly.

That is why the stage, which a most deplorable tradition inclines us to regard only as an unimportant means of diversion, should receive our careful attention. It represents three important factors in our national evolution — artistic, technical, and social.

I

THE ARTISTIC FACTOR

In these days everything is becoming commercialized. Vaudevilles, films, and *revues* are manufactured in quantities, like sewing-machines or bicycles. The best-equipped makers, those best known in the market, are the ones who turn over their merchandise most easily. The vogue of the

boulevard skit and the moving picture interprets this modern conception of the drama. A 'first night' is no longer a literary event. Toilettes, the acting, episodic attractions of all sorts play a more important part than text or subject. The material distractions of a too active life deprive the public of all desire to be instructed at the theatre. When night comes they want 'to see,' and, above all, to laugh; they do not want to *think* any more; it is too fatiguing, too boring.

Such are the arguments offered in opposition to the project for an artistic-literary theatre. No doubt they contain a large element of truth; nevertheless, they are by no means conclusive.

The artistic theatre is not, indeed, intended to replace the superficial and merely entertaining theatre; this latter will always be popular. It is enough that the former should be able to exist, to gain a firm footing, to develop freely, even though, at the outset, only for an intelligent chosen few, who are not, as might be supposed, snobs and wealthy folk.

In Paul Verlaine's lifetime his books had no such sale as those of Xavier de Montépin; and yet, to-day, a book by Verlaine is of more importance to the world-renown of France than one of Montépin's newspaper serials. Who would dare deny it?

Our democracy, therefore, must realize the national significance of the artistic factor and consent to the sacrifices likely to insure its triumph on the stage. Whether it be accomplished by individual initiative or by government support, it is first of all a question of money, but not a 'matter of business.'

If a grand duke or a king, in other countries, does not shrink from spending two or three millions a year for his theatre, why should not the French Republic find means to defray an

equal or greater outlay? Are we poorer, or more bucolic?

Politics must come into it, of course. But we may be permitted to hope that, after the war, our foreign policy will be a little more coherent and our domestic policy a little less disruptive. The union of all Frenchmen should extend, outside of all party questions, to a programme tending to forward our artistic endeavor, or we must needs despair of the future.

II

THE TECHNICAL FACTOR

Regarded from a material and utilitarian standpoint, the stage is an instrument of reproduction, by the same token as the piano, violin, or organ.

The French stage, then, in order to compel the attention of the world, must aim at perfection in all its arrangements. Its technical resources must keep step with the progress of modern science. On this theory it demands the collaboration, not only of the painter and decorator and costumer, but of the architect, the engineer, and the electrician. Here is an invaluable field of operations thrown open to many different branches of the national activity.

Although the technical factor is always strictly subordinate to the artistic ideal, the more nearly perfect the *mise-en-scène*, the more capable it is of assisting in the production of interesting results. If we send a theatrical company on a grand foreign tour, the foreign public will scrutinize not only the merit of the repertory and the talent of the actors, but our costumes, our stage settings, our lighting system—in a word, our whole method of putting our plays on the stage; just as, in a concert tour, audiences are not content with the composition of the programmes, but consider also the quality

of the orchestra, the personality of the conductor, and the technique of the performance.

At the present time, no great Parisian theatre, even among those subsidized by government, owns a revolving stage, a superposed hydraulic stage, a panoramic stage, or a rational lighting system. We have not learned to reckon at their real value the various elements of technical collaboration. The stage manager is a functionary whose rôle as inspirer and creator we do not adequately appreciate. But it is he who visualizes a play, harmonizes its parts, and puts it on its feet; who brings into relief its fundamental character. He dominates the performance; he holds in his hand all the delicate threads of scenic science; he pulls them one after another, the better to interpret the artistic idea.

Whenever he encounters an inadequate technical outfit, he is reduced to the necessity of improvising, of evading by haphazard methods the obstacles which restrain his means of expression. His creations suffer thereby.

And to think that there are theatres, at Moscow and elsewhere, where the audience, by means of exhibitions in the lobby, is shown how a *mise-en-scène* is produced: the wax models, the sketches, the selection of materials and accessories, all the details of the stage setting; and that these theatres have, in addition, special workshops where everything that they require is made under the direction of painters, artists, and technical experts,

III

THE SOCIAL FACTOR

The theatre does not transform public morals. The most that can be said is that it reflects them; but it broadens the horizon of the spectator;

it teaches him to familiarize himself with the different dramatic conceptions of human society through the ages and in all countries.

But beside this purely contemporary theatre there is a 'human' theatre, which great geniuses have created at certain fixed epochs, and whose influence and signification have survived all social upheavals.

The more our complex civilization progresses and develops, the tighter the material and moral bonds which unite the nations are drawn, identifying the needs, the aspirations, and the conditions of human development; and by shaping common ideals, so much the more does the patrimony of mankind become accessible to all — and not in the past only, but in the present. By this token the stage has an undeniable documentary value; it includes all the dramatic manifestations of mankind, even as a complete library contains the most noteworthy books in the world.

Here again, routine, the mania for classification by definite species and styles, — a burdensome inheritance from bygone ages when we succeeded in imposing on the world certain ideas of ours that are now out of date, — and our instinctive hostility to every manifestation that offends our conventional æsthetic sense and our mental twist, lead us to ignore the foreign stage. This prejudice is a mark of inferiority; let us not fear to proclaim it. It would be childish to console ourselves with the thought that our classic plays are welcomed by other nations; that Molière and Racine, for example, have become repertory authors in all the cities beyond the Rhine. If we are content to live on our inheritance, and to reign beyond our borders solely by the charm of our past, we are marching to our downfall. The day will come when we shall have to exert our-

selves, and show other people what we have in our womb to-day. Rivalry and progress demand it. Whoever holds aloof in this world is doomed to disappear.

If the League of Nations is not an empty phrase; if, as an epilogue to this war, the necessity is made manifest of establishing on a firm foundation the statutes of the brotherhood of man, is it not indispensable that we learn to know our brethren intimately in all the outward forms of their thought, in order to derive benefit from it as our fathers were able to do?

What is the current opinion of a contemporary Frenchman concerning the foreign stage of to-day? Ibsen? He is too abstract, too obscure, too far removed from the Latin spirit. Strindberg? He is a neurotic Norwegian; he irritates us. The Russian stage: Tolstoy? Gorky? Wretched melodrama, drowned in unpleasant philosophy. Shakespeare? No clarity, no conciseness; a torrent that is forever overflowing its banks; at once trivial and lyric, he has no sense of moderation; his genius is barbaric.

Moreover, the same Frenchman thinks our own classic stage terribly tedious. What is left for him then? Bernstein's and Sacha Guitry's plays and Rip's *revues*? Let us admit that this is rather meagre sustenance for the honor and glory of French civilization.

We say then that to adopt — without adapting — the great dramatic geniuses, to interpret them in an original fashion, to incorporate them in the repertory of an artistic national theatre, is to accomplish a valuable social work, because we thus enlarge the intellectual horizon of the French race; it is also to show foresight, because we thus augment the power of

France to attract and expand beyond her borders.

But the significance of the social factor does not stop here. In France the stage has unhappily become the appanage of minorities, which restricts its field of action. On the one hand, dramatic production is monopolized by regular contractors, working to order, 'in the taste of the day.' They are in league with the promoters of plays, who regard the dramatic art as an ordinary business operation. The audience is drawn from middle-class circles and the cosmopolitan idlers who come to Paris for amusement. No serious attempt is made to facilitate access to the stage for fresh talent, or access to the auditorium for the democratic masses. Bad taste is cultivated in the spectator; we go our own way, — the way of easy speculation, — instead of gradually raising his moral and intellectual level, and guiding his interest toward a more elevated artistic ideal. Now, the audience is a shapeless mass, obedient to all impulsions; it is capable of the best as well as the worst. The sense of beauty is latent in it. The desire and the authority of those who guide suffice to enlighten it.

This iniquitous 'trust' of selfish interests prevents any honest and unselfish competition. In their turn the divers categories of the stage-world — actors, authors, technical staff, and the rest — have no deep-seated realization of the force which they represent in the life of a great city. For lack of unity and support, they fail to make an impression on public opinion or the public authority, to secure the triumph of their essential claims, and to obtain legislation calculated to defend and support them.

LENIN AND TROTZKY

BY COMTE GASTON DE MERINDOL

LENIN

IN the very first days of the revolution Lenin received permission from the Kaiser's Government to pass through Germany on his way back to Russia, access to which had hitherto been forbidden him. Was it the famous champion of internationalism who asked for this permission? I think I can answer that question in the negative, and state that the initiative in the matter came from Germany. An intermediary in the shape of a member of the Imperial Legation at Berne got into touch with Lenin and made certain proposals to him. It would be interesting to know the details of the agreement that was discussed between them — an agreement that certainly even then had in view the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. Unless Wilhelm's agent should prove indiscreet one of these days, probably we shall never know up to what point the events which were to follow in Russia were planned and prepared at this interview. Also it is probable that Lenin — 'the Bolshevik Pope,' as some called him — who published the secret documents showing the relations existing between the Entente and Russia, will forget to make public the treaty by means of which he sold his country to Wilhelm II. The only thing that has transpired is that Lenin cynically accepted money: so much he has since admitted, his excuse being that this money was to be used in the cause of the universal revolution! Indeed, this adventure of Lenin's in returning to

Russia is by no means lacking in picturesque points. That Germany, for instance, the most autocratic country in the world, should give money in support of the universal revolution! In any case, it proves that she must have been hard pressed to have to employ methods which some day might be directed against herself. It is true that the Entente press, with but few exceptions, loudly declared that the Russian Revolution meant a mortal blow to Germany! So the Kaiser consented to her suicide! How naïf and how childish! The revolution brought about by Germany — the very first manifestation of which was the annihilation of the Russian army — *could only result in a terrible blow to the Allies*. How often did I not write this at the time! Yet the French censorship, which, it would seem, had no great affection for me, suppressed everything that came from my pen on this subject.

Moreover, this revolution was painted in such glowing colors by men whose merit is certainly great — though not so great as their ignorance of Russia and the character of its people — that one cannot be surprised if false ideas were current among the Allies. At any rate, Lenin arrived in Petrograd, and Kerensky would never let himself be persuaded to prevent him from returning. He took possession of Madame Kchezinskaia's palace, and there, by his frigid but sufficiently logical speeches, he spread the deadly poison which was to bring Russia to her terrible end. It was a

weird enough spectacle, truly, the sight of this sorry pair, Kerensky and Lenin, installed, the one in the Emperor's apartments at the Winter Palace, and the other in those of the fallen Monarch's former mistress. One point of resemblance formed a link between the two men — the craze they were both seized with for adorning themselves in whatsoever had belonged to the Emperor. Such was the prestige of departed majesty that they thought they could impose themselves the more surely on the people by living in the house that had been the Emperor's and by ostentatiously using the very things that had belonged to Nicholas II, and to the famous dancer, who had been the companion of his younger days. The only effect was to make them ridiculous in the eyes of a people endowed with more intelligence and cultivation than themselves.

In his speeches Lenin gave one the impression of an arithmetician making complicated calculations the slightest error in which would produce a tragic result. His mind is compact enough as to its information, while his eloquence is confused, both qualities savoring of the Teutonic, which is surprising in a man who claims to be wholly Russian. Lenin's mind is well matched by his exterior, in its compactness, by which I mean he is stiff in his movements, like an automaton, and, watching him, you have the feeling that one more turn of the winding apparatus would break up the whole machine. His arrogance is unbearable, and when he is declaiming in his hard, colorless tones, looking with set face straight in front of him, you are astonished that so grotesque a person should have succeeded in acquiring such control over the masses. But when one reads his speeches it is easy to understand the attraction they

must have for semi-barbarians, whose latent instinct for rapine and whose natural laziness are only waiting to be aroused. These speeches indeed, always culminate in an incitement to pillage. I defy anyone to find a single speech of Lenin's in which he does not promise his hearers the property of their neighbors. And because, since he came into power he has provided handsomely for his supporters — recruited mainly from among the Apaches of the revolution — they are striving at the point of the bayonet to exalt him as a Titan. It is prudent not to laugh at all this — as many would like to do — until such time as the worship of the Golden Calf shall have ceased. For when those who now uphold him realize that the promises he has made hold good only for a season, the Dictator will pay dearly for the errors he has made in his calculations — errors which will show the solution of his system to be false from top to bottom.

TROTZKY

The Commissary for Foreign Affairs of the Bolshevik Government forms a striking contrast to Lenin. Not so well equipped mentally as the latter — by which I mean that his knowledge is more superficial — less obstinate in his convictions, both philosophical and political, therefore more flexible to the demands of his supporters, full of hypocrisy as a Robespierre — a cruel, sentimental hypocrisy which can be even lachrymose at times — endowed, in fact, with all the defects and the qualities of the Semitic race to which he belongs, Trotzky-Bronstein — revolutionary adventurer of the worst type, because he believes in nothing, not even in his own system — has yet within him more of the stuff that statesmen are

made of than has Lenin. If the former régime had known how to utilize men like Trotzky and Lenin, if its heads had been wise enough to realize the danger they represented and to conciliate them by giving *partial* satisfaction to their ambitions, they would have found them useful servants. I can imagine, for instance, that Krensky, with a gold-braided coat of some sort on his back, and Trotzky as a high official in the police, might easily have been subdued and muzzled.

It would not have been possible to appease Lenin in this manner, because his ambition was of a different sort. His dream was to be a 'great man' among the *mâcheurs d'idées*, and imagined his place marked out beside the Jean Jacques Rousseaus and the Voltaires. But his pedagogic capacity, sufficient, at a pinch, to satisfy the demands made by the free, public, instructional courses, was not ample enough to enable him to contribute to the general education of the masses.

Trotzky as an orator is violent, at any rate, if not forcible. His sarcasm is so intangible that those whom it touches find it hard to clear themselves. His bad faith compels admiration for the reason that its abundance is such as to carry conviction in the end; and this is real power, revealing both in Trotzky and in Lenin the close Germanic affinity of their characters.

Externally, Trotzky is by no means fascinating. Here again the Semitic origin is unmistakable. Picture a Nihilist of the type so often met in the streets of Geneva or Lausanne, but one whose hair the barber has been courageous enough to put into something like order. He has a short-sighted, ferrety look, and always appears to be on the watch for someone laden with the bombs intended to relieve Russia from his hyæna-like yoke.

When he came into office there were scenes hitherto unknown in the annals of diplomacy. He caused all the staff of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs — a body recruited mainly from the aristocracy, its members being former students of the Alexander Imperial *lycée* or of the Law School — to assemble, and invited them to continue to serve under his orders, thus proving his ignorance as to the character of those who belong to the cultivated sections of the Russian people. Someone got up — I think it was Prince U — and asked Trotzky to tell them his name. He did so. Then, with a supremely impertinent nonchalance, he was asked if he did not possess two names. Crimson with anger, the new Minister by the grace of the Apaches stammered out: 'Yes, *Trotzky Bronstein*.' An ironical 'Ah!' on the part of the company put a stop to all his eloquence, and they resigned in a body. This wholesale resignation was followed by a general strike among the former Imperial officials; and it was this bold course of action — depriving as it did tens of thousands of their means of existence — that was responsible for the real weakness of the Maximalist Government. For, lacking all the means necessary for the organization and administration of the country according to its own fancy, the Government could only rely on the Red Guards, who were a terror both in town and country.

One day Trotzky had inquiries made at the French Embassy as to the possibility of his being received by M. Noulens. The reply came that he would be received, but only like an ordinary visitor, a private person. At this memorable interview Trotzky tried all his comedian's tricks, all his Tartuffian resources. With tears in his eyes and a theatrical choke in his

voice he spoke of France and of Alsace-Lorraine. Worthy of a sensation film at a cinema, is it not? — the spectacle of this man, with the future Treaty of Brest-Litovsk in his pocket, weeping over the fate of 'unhappy France' and paying a visit to a representative of the detested *bourgeoisie*! The Ambassador, who a few hours later gave me an account of the interview, told me he was nearly being deceived by the seeming sincerity of the ex-jail-bird, until the sudden vision of Russia dismembered by order of this miserable visitor of his brought with it the conviction that Trotzky's reserve supply of tears might best be shed on behalf of his own country.

Kerensky, Lenin, Trotzky! Three names which history will register with stupefaction, because they symbolize

The London Post

the depths of folly into which a people may be led when its civilization, its education, and its material culture are so far from complete as they were in Russia. Lenin, a demagogue, perhaps sincere, but one to whom all methods, good or bad, come alike; Kerensky and Trotzky, two accomplished comedians, any merit they may have possessed being nullified by the meanness of their character and the total absence of any moral sense or any regard for tradition. And these, the successors — for a very short season, truly — of Peter the Great and the three Alexanders, must needs have their place marked in the records of the world; but surely with the note of interrogation that one places opposite the riddles which have caused the woes of nations!

THE GOLDEN SNUFF-BOX

PART II

BY W. VICTOR COOK

IN this surmise the Little Bird proved correct. For well-nigh a fortnight Bruce and he spent an innocent mountaineering holiday exploring the *vallées et suzerainetés* of the miniature republic. They tramped the mule-tracks round the mountain flanks. On the high slopes the sheep-bells tinkled about them; in the deep ravines the swollen spring waters alternated thunderous roar and babbling lullaby. They made acquaintance with many a red-capped peasant work-

ing on the patches of arable land amid the corn and vegetables and vines, or leading his laden mule amid the wild flowers that clothed the lower slopes. Señor Maquin displayed a constant lively interest in Bruce's literary researches, and, to do him justice, was able materially to forward them by his previously acquired knowledge of the country. At last a day came when, at a specially convened meeting of the little Andorran Council, the keys of the archive chest

were produced, and the precious bit of parchment containing the reputed charter of Charlemagne was brought to light, photographed, and replaced. To celebrate the occasion, Bruce, with proper American liberality, entertained the entire Council at the best dinner the Fonda of the Six Curarts could provide. He delivered a speech, which he concluded by toasting the Syndic and Council, the Bishop of Urgel in Spain, and the Count of Foix in France, whose escutcheons in white stone are affixed over the solid oaken door of the Council House.

'Little Bird,' said he as they went to bed that night, 'I feel like a State personage.'

'To-morrow, Señor Bruce, we must go fishing,' was the answer. 'In the meantime, I have made a discovery of more interest than the charter of Charlemagne.' Glancing at the door, the old Catalan drew from his pocket a slip of paper and spread it in the light of the candle.

Bruce looked it over, held it to a mirror, and turned with a grave face. 'How did you get this, *Pajarillo mio*?'

'Very simply. While you were delivering your great speech I embraced the opportunity to enter by mistake the room of Señor Maquin, who, as you may have observed, had changed his coat for the dinner. I have noticed that when a man changes his coat, he sometimes forgets to change the contents of his pockets. What does the paper say?'

'It is a complete list of ships lying in the ports of Marseilles, Bordeaux, and Perpignan, with their destination and the probable dates of their departure.'

'*Hombre!* That fellow must have some clever confederates on the French side. What will you do?'

'We must arrange our fishing expedition as near the frontier as may

be. Maquin is certain to accompany us — his suspicion is not dead. It will be for us to make an opportunity to seize him, bind him, carry him bodily across the frontier, and hand him over to the French authorities to deal with.'

As it happened, however, the morrow was a day of pouring rain, and the expedition accordingly had to be postponed. All morning the companions sat in the little inn. Instead of the noble view of green vale and towering, pine-clad mountain, there was nothing visible but sheets of rain. At the midday meal, to their surprise, Señor Maquin did not put in an appearance. Mine host explained that he had been called to Seo on urgent business connected with his firm, but would be back that night. When mine host had gone, the Little Bird looked at his companion.

'He has missed his paper! I should not wonder if the urgency of his business prevents his return, after all.'

Bruce looked grave. 'In that case, we must go after him. We must have him watched. We have the paper.' He took out his pocketbook, and gave a startled exclamation. 'The paper is gone!'

'Look carefully. Are you certain?'

'There is no room for doubt. The landlord —'

'I think him honest. But this Maquin is too clever for us. He has gone to Seo to send his news to the coast. He will come back to laugh at us.'

And that night Señor Maquin came back. The spy was wet through, but in excellent spirits. He smilingly informed his fellow guests that his firm had been able to do an excellent stroke of business, for which his presence at the telegraph office had been necessary. He discussed the proposed outing for the morrow with great gusto,

and notwithstanding the nearness to the frontier of the locality which the Little Bird suggested, he gave the scheme his full approval. 'I will show you such a stream as Adam fished in Eden,' he promised.

'In Eden there were serpents, señor,' said Pajarillo.

'In Andorra,' Maquin answered gayly, 'there are none.' But he gave the smuggler a queer look out of his little, dark eyes.

Next morning the three men set forth together. It proved a long and somewhat arduous journey to the stream so eloquently praised, but when they reached it, it certainly promised well. They had not been fishing long, when a fourth individual came up—a peasant of the district, to judge by his dress. He carried a carbine in his hand, and greeted Maquin as an acquaintance. After a few perfunctory remarks, however, he passed on up the gorge through which the stream ran, and was quickly out of sight among the pines.

When he was gone Maquin laughed, and asked, 'Do you know what that fellow is, Señor Bruce?'

'Not in the least.'

'You will be able to write in your articles that you have spoken with a real Andorran smuggler. They are all smugglers hereabout, more or less. It is, one might say, the national industry of the republic. Our friend is a little nervous because we are so close to the frontier, on the other side of which he is unpopular. If you will excuse me, I should like to have a few words with him while you continue your sport.' With a curious smile, he followed the stranger up the gorge.

'Little Bird,' said Bruce quietly, 'if our line had not been fouled, it strikes me that is the second fish we might have hoped to land.'

'But, as it is, señor, I have an un-

easy feeling that if we remain here many minutes we shall receive a message from our fish in the shape of a bullet from that carbine. It is my opinion that we should enjoy our fishing better if we went a few yards down stream, where we could obtain the cover of yonder corner of rock.'

'If we move they will think we suspect.'

'For my part, they are welcome to think what they like, provided we secure ourselves against a shot in the back. I have a horrid tickling between the shoulder blades.'

Bruce smiled. 'The sensation is infectious, Little Bird. Let us do as you say.'

Avoiding backward glances, they moved off slowly, and, considerably to their relief, gained the cover of the rocky corner without any untoward happening. They were deliberating on their further procedure, when they were both startled by a hoarse challenge

'*Halte-là! Qui vive?*'

A lieutenant and half-a-dozen men in the sky-blue uniform of the French soldiery advanced, with rifles at the ready, from the trees on the slope a few feet above. The two companions were completely taken aback, but Bruce politely saluted the officer, an elderly man with a fierce-looking gray moustache.

'Pardon, *M. le lieutenant*; we are, I believe, in Andorran territory.'

'You are in France, messieurs. Andorra lies five hundred metres to the south of you. Where are your passports?'

The passports were produced, and the lieutenant frowned as he inspected them. 'These passports specify that you are permitted to enter France from Italy, and to leave it for Spain at Port Bou. You must submit yourselves to be searched.'

'Willingly, *M. le lieutenant*. Hands up, Little Bird. We are with good friends here.'

The search was a thorough one. When Bruce's revolver was brought to light the lieutenant's frown deepened. But presently the soldier who was searching the Scot handed his officer something which brought a more ferocious look into the old soldier's face. He held up a little piece of paper, bared his teeth beneath the gray moustache, and uttered one word: '*Espion!*'

At that terrible accusation Bruce caught his breath, but next moment squared his shoulders and faced the lieutenant with unflinching eyes. 'Monsieur, I do not understand,' he said gravely and proudly.

'*Mes enfants*,' the old Frenchman addressed his men, 'if either of these fellows moves a finger, empty your rifles into him.' He held up the paper before Bruce's face. 'After all,' he said bitterly, 'you must be a shiftless rascal to carry your death warrant in your pocket across the frontier. Here is a nice list of ships in the ports of Marseilles, Perpignan, and Bordeaux. *Messieurs les Boches* will be disappointed when they do not receive this list of intended victims. Tell me the name of your confederate in France. It may possibly serve you.'

'*Monsieur le lieutenant*, I swear to you, by all that is most holy, by the blood of our countrymen who have fallen, that my comrade here and I are the persons mentioned on those passports, and no other. For six months we have been engaged together in the work — the difficult and dangerous work, monsieur — of tracking these Boche submarines and their helpers in Spain; and that we have had good success I am in a position to prove to you, if you will have a little patience.'

'Patience!' the old man snorted. 'This paper does not call for patience, but for explanations.'

'*Monsieur le lieutenant*, I agree.' Yet the Scot read in the keen, dark Southern face that no mere verbal explanations would save himself and his companion from the summary execution which threatened them. A desperate expedient suggested itself. 'With your permission,' said he quietly, 'I hope to provide an explanation which will satisfy you of the truth of what I say, and at the same time be the means of securing for you the real spies, whom my companion and I have been shadowing for some time in the territory of Andorra.'

The Frenchman shrugged incredulously. 'If you can do that, monsieur, you will do a very good thing for yourselves. I await your explanation.'

'The men whom you are seeking are in the pine woods round the bend of this gorge, not a kilometre from this spot. I ask you, *M. le lieutenant*, to bind my comrade and myself in such a manner that we cannot move hand or foot.'

'*Et puis alors?*' The grizzled old man showed a faint interest.

'And then I ask you to take us both up this stream to a point ten metres on the French side of the frontier. Draw up your men a score of paces from us — I observe they all have magazine rifles — and order them to fire. But in the interests of justice I beg you to give them the strictest orders to fire over our heads. At the first volley I will drop. At the second my comrade will do likewise. You will then order your men to retire; but as soon as they are beyond the shoulder of this rock, and invisible from the higher angle of the gorge, let them work back through the pines to a point from which, while themselves concealed, they will com-

pletely command our bodies. There let them await what will happen. It will be impossible for us to escape, for we shall be fast bound. I, however, after a short time, will make some signs of life, and will attempt to drag myself nearer to the Andorran side of the frontier. Then, unless I am very much mistaken, you will see the two men whom you are seeking come out from hiding and approach our bodies, for it will not suit their purpose that there should remain the least chance of our surviving. At whatever moment you deem it expedient you will summon them to halt, and according as they may behave you will know how to deal with them. You will see, *M. le lieutenant*, that the proposal which I have the honor to make to you is not without danger to myself and my companion, but the matter affects not only the lives but the honor of us both. Therefore, in case of any accident happening to us in the course of this experiment, I will ask you to apply to the officer in command of the customs post at Cerbère, who has certain evidence in his possession that we are no spies, but rather the hunters of spies and murderers. That incriminating paper, I swear to you, was placed where you found it by other hands than mine. I rely on you, as a French officer and a gentleman, to make this investigation, and establish our identity. For, if I am to die, I should not wish my name to be branded with unmerited infamy. Will you do this, *M. le lieutenant*?

The veteran hesitated, meeting the Scotsman's grave gray eyes.

'War is a hard teacher,' said he at last. 'I have a son about your age, fighting for France. I would not willingly send to death a young man who at least has courage and the look of honesty. My men are all picked shots,

so I risk nothing. I will do as you ask. Bind them, *mes enfants*.'

Donald Bruce bowed stiffly, and in a few sentences explained to Pajarillo what was to happen. The Little Bird shrugged his shoulders, and submitted philosophically to be bound.

The plan was carried out in every detail as Bruce had suggested. It was a trying moment when the two stood up and faced the line of loaded rifles. Suppose one of those blue-coated marksmen aimed awry!

The reports rang out, and the bullets sang past their ears. Bruce pitched forward and lay still. The Little Bird rolled sideways to the ground, wriggled convulsively a moment, and was still likewise.

The French lieutenant stepped forward, bent over the bodies, and turned them on their backs. '*Mon Dieu*,' he muttered as he did so, 'but you played that well! Spies or honest men, you are a pair of bold fellows.' Returning to his men, he gave the word to retire in a loud voice, and the frontier guards withdrew.

Bruce and Pajarillo lay staring up into the blue sky, listening with all their ears for the sound of approaching footsteps. The breeze made a faint murmur in the pines, and the stream babbled musically beside them, but there was no other sound. 'Now!' whispered the Little Bird at last. '*Vaya con Dios*!'

Bruce made a feeble movement. He groaned. Then he rolled himself slowly along the rough ground for a few feet, and again lay still.

A noise of stealthy footsteps caught his listening ear. With a great effort of will he shut his eyes. He felt, rather than saw, a shadow between him and the sun. He heard a whispered counsel: 'The knife is best, *compañero*. It makes no noise.' He set his teeth, still keeping his eyes closed.

And suddenly, imperiously, broke in a shout: '*Halte-là!*'

Bruce opened his eyes. Señor Maquin and the man with the carbine were standing between him and Pajarillo. Maquin held a naked knife. A deadly pallor was in his face as he stared round for the challenger. His companion, quicker to realize the situation, sprang for the shelter of the trees, but as he leaped there was a crackle of musketry, and he dropped in his tracks.

Maquin, the spy, saw himself trapped. Like a dog at bay, he drew back his lips and bared his teeth. At that moment his eyes encountered the gaze of the helpless Scot, and the fury of a trapped animal overwhelmed his judgment. With a look of savage spite, he threw up his knife-hand to strike. But even as he bent to deliver the point the rifles spoke from the pinewood, and his corpse rolled across the body of his intended victim.

It was the old lieutenant himself who pulled it off. 'That was a pretty close thing for you, my friend,' said he to Bruce. 'It is fortunate that my lads have learned to shoot.' Without releasing his prisoners, he lit a cigarette, and proceeded to examine the pockets of the two dead men. And meantime Bruce gave him at length the story of his expedition into Andorra.

Chambers's Journal

By the time the lieutenant had completed his investigations he had reached the end of his cigarette. He threw the stump away, and with his own hands unfastened the Scot's bonds, directing his men to do the like for Pajarillo. 'Monsieur,' said he, 'if you will trouble yourself to accompany us to Montlouis, this business may have a fortunate ending for all of us. From what I have been able to discover on these two rascals, I should judge that France and the cause of the Allies have reason to thank you and your companion. I will not apologize to you for what has happened, for you are both brave men, and understand the difficulties of the times. *A la guerre, comme à la guerre!* Will you give your parole to come with us to Montlouis?'

'To tell you the truth,' said Bruce, 'I was becoming very much interested in my researches into the history and customs of Andorra. But that must wait. *Pajarillo mio*, we are going to Montlouis.'

The Little Bird stretched his stiffened arms, which the soldiers had now released. 'And my poor wife and family, who are looking for me in Barcelona?' he dolefully replied.

'They also must wait,' laughed Bruce.

'*Ay de mi!*' said the Catalan. 'It seems we shall never get home!'

THE END

IS IT A GENERAL ELECTION?

THERE is much talk of a general election in the autumn, and a Sunday paper goes so far as to announce it as a certainty. Why should there be a general election now while the war is still going on when we have been told urgently and persistently for several years past that an election in war-time was extremely undesirable, and when, for that reason, Parliament has again and again prolonged its own existence contrary to the law which fixed the term of its natural life at five years, whereas it is now living on into its eighth? So manifest was the objection supposed to be that the annual revision of the register of electors was abandoned on the ground that it was not worth while to keep the register up to date merely for the sake of an occasional by-election. Now, however, all this is forgotten, and we are told that an election is decreed, though at the same time no definite announcement is made, doubtless in order that we may enjoy the full pleasure of a surprise, or perhaps with a view to some excellent reason for an election presenting itself which at the moment is not discoverable. Now, we have no love of long Parliaments, and we have always held that it was unnecessary and wrong to violate the law in order to avert a general election at the time by law appointed. The election, if held at the right time, would have been largely an uncontested election, for it would have taken place in the autumn of 1915, shortly after the formation of the first Coalition Government, while Mr. Asquith was still Prime Minister and before there had been any breach in the unity of the Liberal party. It

would have been elected almost certainly under a pledge of dissolution shortly after the close of the war, which nobody at that time, strange to say, expected to last beyond the three years which Lord Kitchener, greatly daring, had foretold for it. Anybody can see now that this would have been far better than to allow Parliament to drag out an unlawful and ineffectual existence. But it was not done, and the question is why, if it was not done then, it should be done now?

OF course the one obvious reason which can be assigned is that we have now a new electorate and that, however little, through lapse of time, the present Parliament could claim to be representative of the old electorate to which it owed its existence, it could certainly not claim to represent the new electorate, of which perhaps not one half had had anything to do with its election. That is a sound argument for normal times, but it is no more, indeed it is a good deal less, decisive than the argument which was overruled almost without a protest for holding a general election at the time fixed by law for holding it. So far as we are aware there has not been the smallest popular demand for a dissolution and the election of a new Parliament. The new electors, so far from loudly demanding an opportunity for the exercise of their powers, have not to our knowledge raised a voice or a whisper in that sense. And the reason is obvious. While the war lasts the people are not bothering about parties or politics, but all their thought and all their interest are directed to the war. When that is well over they will be ready enough for an

election and for considering and deciding upon the many new and great problems which will then arise. There are other reasons which make a general election at this time unpopular. Vast masses of the electors are away, scattered over the world in the armies and in the navy and though provisions of a sort have been made for enabling them to vote, these are certainly inadequate, and if it should happen that a great battle suddenly arose just when the soldiers ought to be sending in their voting papers they might prove almost nugatory. In any case it will be impossible to canvass the soldiers or to bring the issues of the election or the merits of candidates in the particular constituencies for which they are registered adequately before them. The analogy of the Canadian trench election is fallacious, for there, if we remember rightly, the issue put was single and simple — 'Are you or are you not in favor of the Government?' — and it was the same for all the constituencies. Obviously that is quite another matter. And not only are the arrangements for the extremely important soldiers' and sailors' vote glaringly and to a large extent inevitably defective, but the new register as it applies to the ordinary citizen is also extremely defective. In many places, as in Manchester, no proper arrangements were made for securing that the complicated papers distributed from house to house for the making of claims should be explained and properly filled up, or that they should be filled up at all, and the consequence is that thousands of people are in some places placed on the register who have no business to be there, and thousands omitted who ought to be on, and no process of revision can now avail to correct these defects. If a full and fair register of

the new electors is wanted it must wait for another revision.

There are reasons, and pretty weighty reasons, for postponing an election, and it is a fact, we believe, that in no one of the great political parties do the party agents desire an election. Nevertheless, we believe that, unless some quite unexpected change takes place, an election there will be before the end of January, and probably before Christmas. Two reasons are likely to avail. One is the desire, which would in all probability be gratified, to make a clean sweep of the 'Pacifist' members, whether Labor or Liberal; the other and more important reason is to give to the present Government and to the present Prime Minister a more assured basis of power. Now on this two grave matters have to be faced. The first is the condition of Ireland. Ireland, almost wholly in consequence of the gratuitous follies of our own Government, which in the early days of the war was the 'one bright spot' on a gloomy horizon, is now black as never before. There can be no doubt that a general election, if held now and before any serious attempt has been made to meet the legitimate claim of Ireland for self-government within the Constitution, and, above all, if a further attempt is made to enforce conscription, will return a vast revolutionary majority. If Mr. Lloyd George has any regard for the peace of Ireland, and for his own credit as a statesman, he will not dissolve till he has satisfied this claim. Again, the essential condition of an election to be held during the war, and of necessity on war issues, is that it should be held only under a definite pledge that the Parliament so elected shall endure no longer than till such time as another election can be held with the soldiers at home and on the issues of

peace. Any other course would be a sheer usurpation — a repetition of the khaki election fraud of 1900, so deeply resented and amply punished

The Manchester Guardian

in 1906. The punishment this time, we may be pretty sure, would be much more stringent as it would be much more deserved.

THE AVENGER OF SMALL NATIONS

[Mr. Charles Boissevain, Editor-in-Chief of the *Amsterdam Handelsblad*, writes on this subject under the heading 'Lusitania! Lusitania!']

How great a curse for Germany this knavish submarine war against merchantmen and fishing smacks has been, appears ever more. Through her submarine warfare the German Government forced the Great Republic to declare war, and now comes its reward. Terrible is the awakening in Germany. One hears of it not only from the daily press, but likewise from private letters and conversations. A young giant insultingly has been kicked out of his torpor while from the West he was gazing at the struggle in the Old World, and lo! he arises in the fullness of his strength, and with admiration and fear the Old World beholds the miraculous power of the New.

The German daily press with a very defective psychology always had represented the young American nation as composed of self-seeking business men interested in the almighty dollar alone. And lo! before the terrified German people a powerful young nation has arisen joyfully sacrificing life and substance for an elevated ideal. It now has entered on its heroic age.

Its heroic age indeed! Unparalleled in the annals of the world is what the

American nation has done in a few months' time. At a stamp of the foot millions of soldiers provided with chariots and weapons and victuals have risen up, mocking the vicious submarine. A bridge they have flung across the waters and the youth of the New World march over, promising to save the Old World from military autocracy and despotism and from methods of warfare which are carrying suffering humanity back to the age of barbarism.

The Americans have decided for this war with an enthusiasm such as once inspired the crusaders.

Not a village so small but it gives up some of its sons and sends them across the deep sea where sharkwise lurk the submarines. Money is poured forth like water for the great national aim. To meet the war expenses, the national representation, with common consent, has granted twenty-four milliards of dollars for twelve months. Generous assistance is offered to every State at war with Germany. The enthusiasm of the great nation is not a fire of stubble; but glows with ever greater intensity and radiance. Now this nation composed of so many elements is being

joined together, and welded unbreakably, by enthusiasm universally felt, by unselfish consecration to an ideal aim. The heroic age of America will continue to inspire and consecrate that great nation.

How thoroughly this confirms the words of our Martinus van der Hoeven; 'Pour a noble passion into the soul of your nation and you will elevate it.'

It is a new people which has brought about these miracles. Not an Anglo-Saxon but a universal race inspired by Americanism is coming to be the great world power which acts decisively in this war.

Before me lies spread out the list of the Americans' fallen. How numerous the colors which blend to form that new American light of dazzling whiteness! Poles, Austrians, Germans, Italians, French, Slavic peoples, Dutch, Spaniards, Negroes one sees before one's eyes, and while wondering at so great a diversity of races, who together constitute a single great nation, one re-reads what the gifted Commander-in-Chief, Field-Marshal Foch, testifies of them: 'They are men who do not know fear but know obedience, and are led by officers who may be counted upon.' What has been reached by Germany after fifty years of training and discipline, has about been reached in a few months by this motley, young nation of America. Freedom has been justified by its children.

How I was struck by the report of the battle on the 11th of August: 'The Americans arrived in the nick of time on the battlefield in Chipilly-triangle after a forced march. Without taking any rest they fixed their bay-

The Amsterdam Handelsblad

onets and followed the curtain-fire in order to leap forward whenever the guns were silent. They were almost exclusively young men from Chicago. They were received by a terrible fire of machine guns but with the war cry of "Lusitania! Lusitania!" they pressed in at the double-quick pace, cleared Chipilly-triangle of enemies and took 500 prisoners belonging to the 24th, 43d, 54th, and 108th Wurttembergian divisions.'

Of these young heroes from Chicago it is witnessed that no better nor more intelligent soldiers can be desired by any commander if they are placed under good superior officers — for the forming of these latter requires several years. 'They are the most intelligent, thoughtful, and self-reliant bayonets in the world!'

Young America sends to the Old World as many of such young men as France desires, armed, housed, and fed. There they will be the decisive factor in this cruel war, which of a sudden has been unchained on our Continent.

It is a terrible lesson to the autocrats that what has caused the Americans to leap up to save the world from a repetition of such a war should have been the very knavishness of this submarine aggression of passenger boats and fishing smacks.

The news that with the cry of 'Lusitania! Lusitania!' the men of Chicago had stormed the enemy and beaten him, reached me just as, with choked anger, I was reading about an inoffensive Dutch fisherman from Urk shot dead on his deck by a German submarine.

'May now at last we look forward to a strong protest from our Government?' asks the *Dutch Fishing Gazette*.

THE CALL

BY C. FOX SMITH

THERE's an office back in London, and the dusty sunlight falls
With its swarms of dancing motes across the floor,
On the piles of books and papers and the drab distempered walls
And the bowlers on their pegs behind the door.
There's an office-stool in London where a fellow used to sit
(But the chap that used to sit there's oversea);
There's a job they're keeping open till that fellow's done his bit,
And the one that job is waiting for is — Me!

And it may be black ingratitude, but oh, Good Lord, I know
I could never stick the office-life again,
With the coats and cuffs and collars and the long hours crawling slow
And the quick lunch and the same old morning train;
I have looked on Life and Death and seen the naked soul of man,
And the heart of things is other than it seemed,
And the world is somehow larger than the good old office plan,
And the ways of earth are wider than I dreamed.

There's a chap in the Canadians — a clinking good chap too —
And he hails from back o' nowhere in B.C.,
And he says it's sure some country, and I wonder if it's true,
And I rather fancy that's the place for me.
There's a trail I mean to follow and a camp I mean to share
Out beyond the survey, up in Cassiar,
For there's something wakened in me that I never knew was there,
And they'll have to find some other chap to fill that vacant chair
When the boys come marching homeward from the war.

Punch

THE TRANSPORT OF AMERICA'S ARMIES

BY IGNATIUS PHAYRE

'I HEAR men say we shall need an army of 5,000,000,' President Wilson remarked at the New York Opera House in his passionless way. 'But why limit it to 5,000,000?' Here, in a single query is the war spirit of the United States — 'in this day,' as her Chief Executive styles it, 'of the revelation of our duty, not only to defend our own rights, but also the rights of free men throughout the world.'

I cannot stay to dwell upon the marvelous achievement of America's greatest President in rousing the melting-pot of nations to humanity's war. It is the theme of all the Allied statesmen; and in the House of Commons Mr. Asquith paid a striking tribute to the patient sagacity and insight of a leader who secured national unity in spite of every obstacle. 'It was the first time in history,' Mr. Asquith pointed out, 'that a great democracy, organized not for war but for peace, separated by thousands of miles from the nearest theatre of action, had been invited, and had resolved, to take up arms in a quarrel in which it had no scintilla of territorial or material interest, and no bond, direct or indirect, of treaty obligation.'

We know that Germany held America lightly as a possible foe when deciding upon the 'ruthless' submarine in 1917. Had not Wilson less than a year previously mourned the fact that he could not even police the Mexican border? Yet it is a mistake to suppose that the Wilhelmstrasse received no warnings from its Embassy in Washington, where Johann Bern-

storff so long conducted a 'secret diplomacy' of sabotage and bombs. This extraordinarily able, if unscrupulous, envoy knew perfectly well how vast were America's resources of manpower, industry, and raw materials. He was dead against the von Tirpitz policy, but for all that the militarists prevailed against his advice.

'It takes generations,' Baron Wangenheim told Henry Morgenthau in Stamboul, 'to produce anything like the German army. Such Generals as we have are the result of thirty years' training, and the tradition of a century or more besides.' Hence the Berlin cartoons, showing the impotent President of America waving a wooden sword, with ocean waves between him and the Herrenvolk, who were warriors all, by the grace of God and high racial election.

But the Berlin arithmetic has gone astray, as Mr. Lloyd George pointed out when surveying America's legions from his car in France, and enumerating the German 'illusions,' now killed by the first 1,000,000 men, and the promise of 3,000,000 by next July. 'Are they to get officers, by sewing epaulettes on 100,000 men?' asked Colonel Gaedke in the Socialist *Bremer-Zeitung*. Then where were the ships to carry levies which undoubtedly existed in that emasculate land of prosperity and peace? Or were the American hosts to fly across the Atlantic Ocean, thus outwitting the new submersibles — the big Tauchkreuzer of 5,000 tons, which the genius of Kiel had produced, with Diesel-Körting engines

that gave a surface speed of 22 knots and 14 knots below?

Moreover, there were the new mine layers. It was preposterous, the Germans maintained, to talk of America's millions sailing at this time across 3,000 miles of sea, to replenish war-weary trenches of the Allies, and turn the long tide of war against the invincible German army.

Yet the miracle is in progress at this hour, and will continue to the end. In the month of May alone, 244,345 American soldiers were transported in perfect safety; in June, 276,372 followed with the same astonishing immunity. And Anglo-American arrangements have been made to carry still huger numbers to many theatres of war, from the Arctic circle to the Italian lines, and even to far Vladivostok, the Russian back door on the Pacific, where America will coöperate with Japan for the regeneration of our Eastern ally.

No layman can properly appreciate a feat of transport of which our First Sea Lord, Sir Rosslyn Wemyss — surely a man who weighs his words — has spoken in striking terms. 'Judged from the standpoint of a seaman,' Sir Rosslyn says, 'it has no parallel in modern history.' America's merchant marine practically vanished with the Civil War; thereafter her wooden yards faced a new era of steel and steam, and State discouragement. Her sailors took to the land in the opening West; she was soon paying £60,000,000 a year for the freightage of her own abundant products. The American flag thenceforward became a rarity in foreign ports. Yet by 1920 a merchant fleet of 20,000,000 tons is promised by the new Emergency Board.

Yards have sprung up as by magic from Eastport, Me., down to Pensacola in Florida. On the Great Lakes

also, on white strands of the Mexican Gulf, and up and down the Pacific, from San Diego to Seattle — where a Vladivostok service was maintained in Russia's hopeful day, and will soon be running again, ships have been lately chartered from neutrals, or else commandeered. Of German vessels alone there were 600,000 tons in American harbors on the outbreak of war; these included liners of great size, like the *Barbarossa*, the *Grösser Kurfürst*, *Friedrich der Grosse*, *Kaiser Wilhelm II*, and *Vaterland*; the last named is now the largest ship afloat, being Hamburg's proud rival to the latest giants of the Cunard and White Star Lines.

During America's neutral time, orders came from Berlin to the German crews in New York that these magnificent ships were to be destroyed internally, so that repairs would be impossible for at least two years. This sinister job was thoroughly done. Boilers were 'dry-fired' and demolished; the steam pipes were plugged, cylinders smashed with sledge hammers, and important parts thrown overboard.

America's Shipping Commissioners presently surveyed this willful havoc; they took counsel with experts of the Navy Department, and patching and electric welding soon wrought a wondrous change. Work was begun upon the *Armenia*, the midget of the German fleet. In little more than 50 hours, and at a cost of £400, this vessel was made ready for sea. Between the cast-iron fractures, a solder of alloy steel wire was used, and then the steel layers were welded together. And so on up to the enormous *Vaterland*, of 52,000 tons; it is now the American transport *Leviathan*; and by a curious irony of the war she carries 10,000 soldiers at one time to fight in France against 'the furious

and brutal Power' that built her for the greater honor and glory of Deutschland.

Fifteen thousand skilled workmen were employed on this salvage labor; and at last the whole German fleet was ready for sea as troopers and cargo carriers, at a total cost of £6,000,000. Never in America's history were dollars poured out as they are to-day. Congressional appropriations are mere caravans of naughts beyond our comprehension; witness \$15,000,000,000 for the army alone during the coming fiscal year. America is already spending at least £10,000,000 a day upon her war preparations.

On Registration Day, 10,000,000 men marched to the booths all over the continent, and there signed on for military service. But even this host does not represent the total manpower of a people who now number 110,000,000 souls, in a land as great as all Europe, and one which is self-sufficing to a unique degree. In coal and iron, cotton, copper, hides, and foodstuffs the United States is the treasure-house of the world. Take all the men of militia age — eighteen to forty-five — and America can produce an army of 22,000,000. We know from Marshal Joffre, Mr. Balfour, and all the Allied Missions — to say nothing of President Wilson's earnest vows — that she is indeed in it, 'to her last man and her last dollar.'

Of course British ships and naval forces are helping in a migration of soldiers which is on an unexampled scale. In three summer months 637,929 American troops were landed in Southwest France, and of these we carried 330,956. In the South African War we amazed the world by carrying 250,000 men across 6,000 miles of sea. But there was no enemy afloat at that

time, and our entire marine was available for the task. The Japanese took nearly 1,000,000 men overseas; but again it was in a day that knew not swarming submarines and mines.

America's first loss was the Antilles, a transport of 7,000 tons, but only 67 men were drowned. The *Tuscania* was torpedoed at night off the Irish coast; she carried 2,397 soldiers, and our own destroyers rescued 2,000 of these. It is common knowledge that America's losses are all but negligible, if we consider the magnitude of the operation. It is inexpedient to speak of the system adopted to protect the huge convoyed armadas on their way across the Atlantic.

There was much talk of a special U-boat fleet, specially built to deal with these American transports. And certainly demonstrations were attempted — a long distance blockade which extended from the Virginia Capes up to New Jersey, and caused a good deal of havoc among the small fry of the coast. This menace was wholly disregarded, and promptly dealt with by the American navy. No naval forces were withdrawn from European waters by Secretary Daniels. The work of dispatching troops went forward more vigorously than ever, and recruiting for the navy received an unexpected impetus through this new German move.

As for the armies now landing in France, I may safely describe them as a portent without any equal, for they are drawn from 100 races, all the way from Finland to Syria. Well might President Wilson speak of his 'composite and cosmopolitan people.' Ignace Paderewski roused the millions of Poles who are settled in the United States. The Jugo-Slav Committee alone offered a volunteer army of 500,000 men to the Federal Senate. The non-naturalized Czechs came

forward too; so did the Cubans, Puerto Rican, and even Filipinos of the Asiatic Archipelago.

As for the Redskin braves — Choc-taw and Cherokee, Pawnee and Osage, Seminole and Creek — there are thousands of these in America's polyglot army; and some of the Indians enlisted long ago as airmen of the Lafayette Squadron in France. There are whole companies of Italians and Magyars, of Swedes and Irish and Germans. No wonder the American Y. M. C. A. have started language classes at home and abroad, for there are many thousands of American soldiers who do not speak English at all.

Yet the unity of this mixed host is

The Outlook

the greatest miracle of all; its freshness and keenness in democracy's war, its burning anxiety to honor the Stars and Stripes, and redeem the many pledges which President Wilson has given to the world in his people's name.

'We are not only in the midst of the war,' he told Congress — 'we are at the very peak and crisis of it. Hundreds of thousands of our men are carrying our hearts with them, and our fortunes in the field. Ships are crowding faster and ever faster to the ports of France and England, with regiment after regiment — thousands upon thousands, until the enemy shall at last be beaten and brought to a final reckoning with mankind.'

HISTORY AND THE HAIRDRESSERS

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

THE case against the destruction of customs is that it is the destruction of clues. It is not a breaking through to the truth in the centre of the maze; it is rather a breaking off of all the threads of thought that might lead us there. Mr. Sherlock Holmes, when he found that the clumsy policemen had trampled out all the significant footprints 'like a herd of buffaloes,' did not congratulate himself on starting again with a clean sheet; but rather complained of a quite unnecessarily dirty sheet. He regretted the removal of any clue that might have been, not so much a stopping place, as a starting place for thought. For how could he distinguish at a glance between the

ashes peculiar to the rare brand of a Moldavian cigar and the very similar ashes spilt from the crematorium urn of Miss Simpson's sinister uncle, if both kinds of ash has been heedlessly scattered to the four winds like the ashes of a witch? And how are we to distinguish between the traditions that really may be tossed away like pipe ashes and those which really ought to be revered like ancestral urns if we cannot examine either because an impatient indifference has destroyed all traces of both?

But there seems to be a very general misunderstanding, even among men of intelligence, about what we mean when we talk of the case for con-

ventions. There seems to be a notion that we forbid men to think about them; whereas, in fact, we exhort men to think about them. We say that the consideration of conventions stimulates thought; and that the mere disregard of conventions stops thought. And this is true even of things too trivial to be called conventions, far less traditions; it is true even of fashions. I happened lately to hear two ladies talking about whether one of them should part her hair at the side, or continue to part it in the middle. Apparently it was more modern to part it at the side; but this was at least a week ago; and ladies may now (for all I know) be wearing a triangular tonsure, or shaving half the head, or the whole of it. I take this passing example for three sufficient reasons: First, that I know nothing about it; second, that I care nothing about it; and third that it is the last case that really happened in my private experience, and therefore illustrates my point; the more human and historic treatment even of such a trifle. I espouse no cause in the matter of the combing of hair; but only the cause of the combing out of thoughts, which seems to be in much more of a tangle. I will accept the most alarming arrangements on the outside of the head, if there is some sort of arrangement in the inside.

Now it is one of the conventions of the unconventional that in such problems, large or small, those who think as I do say something in praise of mere stagnant security. *Medio tutissimus ibis*: and for ladies the Latin tag is supposed to be rendered 'You will find it safest to part your hair in the middle.' If a woman does not do exactly what her aunts and grandmothers did, let her name be Anathema — which sounds a little unusual as a lady's name. That is what

the anti-traditionalists suppose — the traditionalist of my own school to say. If I did say that, I should certainly be as great a fool as I look — or at least as I look to them. But I do not say this, or anything like it. What I say is this: That the shortest and shallowest human habit has involved more time, and especially more thought, in its adoption than it does in its abolition. To do it, and at the same time consider why we do it, involves some mental action; whereas we can pass from doing it to merely not doing it without any mental action at all. There is more labor, there is more life, in looking for the reason than in assuming the unreason. We may possibly find that in this case there really is no reason, but we cannot even discover that by dismissing it. To take even this one casual case, the idea behind parting the hair in the middle was obviously a decorative idea of balance; and some degree of balance is admitted by the most advanced or fashionable female, who shares what the democratic Dickens called the popular prejudice in favor of two eyes rather than one. Anyone can see it touching any ornament meant to be pronounced and prominent. The masculine moustache, for instance, is or aspires to be a decoration; and is so situated that it is difficult to avoid seeing it, however much one may wish to do so. Now if a gentleman were to walk down the street with one side of his moustache long and sweeping like a scimitar, and the other side of it short and spiky like a tintack, he would attract attention; but not always respectful attention. The unequal parting of his hair does not attract this attention; because the habit is part of the notion, right or wrong, that the masculine hair is more short and less showy. And that again is part of the stoical tradition,

perhaps of the Puritans, perhaps of the Age of Reason, perhaps of essential manhood, perhaps of mere modern utilitarianism, that the masculine appearance should be more prosaic. Indeed, in the stiffest epoch of utility the moustache was thought disreputable. Because it was decorative it was discouraged; but because it was decorative it was worn in two duplicate curves when it was worn at all. The hair was treated on the assumption that it was not noticeable, but rather negligible. It was parted on one side because it was really, so to speak, put on one side, or thrust on one side. On the other hand the woman's hair was always, under all fashions, conceived as an ornament commanding attention — a decorative framework. Now it is quite reasonable to differ from this distinction at many points; it is quite tenable, for instance, that the male might well have more external magnificence, and that in the Cavaliers it did not connote effeminacy. But this is at any rate the rationale of the divergent custom, the parting of the ways about the parting of the hair. Having so considered it with intelligence, we can then all act with independence. But the point is that the intelligence has come by regarding the convention, not by disregarding it. We have at least been led to think of some larger matters; the nature of ornament, the tradition of stoicism, the Cavalier and Puritan ideals, the male and the female dignity. Whereas the mere innovator really changes the hair without affecting the head; passes from one point to the other without stirring any of this soil of past and present; there is practically no idea to be extracted from the mere fact of change, except the idea of being smart like Polly Smith instead of dowdy like Daisy Brown.

I stick to this special example be-

cause of its unimportance, as I have already explained; my friends are not likely to charge me with religious bigotry about hair-brushing; I care less than most people whether it is brushed at all. But I do see in this small matter a certain negative and shallow argument applied to larger matters; especially that facile and fatal argument which was applied, for instance, to the vote. What I complained of in the Suffragettes was not that they claimed to show why a woman should have a vote. It was that they did not claim to show, and actually could not show, why a man should have a vote; or why anybody should have a vote; or what was meant by a vote. They merely used a negative argument, which might turn out to be right, but which could only do so by accident; because the distinction in dispute was merely dismissed and not considered. To say 'Ferdinand has it; why should not I have it?' may happen to be a remark on the right side; but in itself it involves no intellectual effort whatever. But to ask 'What is the real reason that Ferdinand has had it, and I have not had it?' does demand an intellectual and even an imaginative effort; and nobody can really answer the question either way without their brains being the better for it. It is the whole point that the most artificial things are or have been in this sense natural; and that a convention only means an agreement about which men have long continued to agree. But as the vote has lately become, not merely as frivolous as a *coiffure*, but much more false than a wig, we may well discuss them both with the same amiable detachment.

To think thus is the very reverse of tying one's self to dead things; it is rather to surround one's self with living things. It is like some fairy-

tale about a man whose furniture came to life; whose stool danced round him like a dog, or whose sofa could crawl about like a crocodile. For it is at least more spiritually fruitful to watch the furniture, as if it were inhabited by live fairies, than it would be merely to break the furniture, for no better reason than that it was made out of dead trees. It would be more philosophical to consider whether there is any connection between the four legs of a chair and those of a cat, or a cow, than it would be simply to smash the chair and say it had not a leg to stand on. If the householder, after prolonged examination or patient experiment, shall find that what he took

The New Witness

for a bedstead is really a rack, I shall not blame him for removing it. If he can demonstrate that what looks like a thimble is really a thumbscrew, I shall not condemn him for throwing it away. If we find that any convention has a cause and a bad cause, we shall be instantly justified in treating it as a bad thing. But those who throw away things as dead, much more than those who preserve them as dead, are themselves the servants or rather the slaves of death. For that which is destroyed as dead is really dead; while that which is preserved as dead may rise again from the dead, and may astonish all men, and its preservers most of all.

DR. MUEHLON'S DIARY*

DR. MUEHLON has produced what is not common in war literature, least of all in German war literature — an interesting and attractive book. And this, let us say at once, not simply because the book, coming from a highly-placed and very well-informed German, speaks what we think; though, of course, no sensation is more agreeable than hearing repeated in the enemy camp the opinions of which we become almost weary because of their constant reiteration among ourselves. Dr. Muehlon's book is interesting because in it we meet with an introspective, scrutinizing, inquiring, almost morbidly conscientious mind, which suddenly finds itself placed before an extraordinarily difficult problem: What is the truth about the na-

tion of which I myself form a part, and what is my duty in these circumstances? His attitude towards the world is one which is more common in this country than in Germany; here before the war he would undoubtedly have been a pacifist; we can be quite sure that fifteen years ago in England he would have been a pro-Boer. His problem was similar to that with which these men in our own country were confronted in the beginning of August, 1914. He was not prepared to accept the popular verdict merely because it was the popular verdict; he was not ready to shout with the largest crowd; he must inquire and decide for himself. His diary is the record of the inquiry and contains the verdict — a verdict which is based on the two essentials, intellectual honesty and knowledge. For, as has already been

*Dr. Muehlon's *Diary*. Notes written early in the war by Dr. Wilhelm Muehlon, ex-Director of Krupp's. Cassells, 5s. net.

shown by his well-known Memorandum, he was one of the few who was initiated into what was going on behind the scenes.

But that which especially influenced him was the question of Belgium; he saw at once the truth. 'Our irruption into Belgium means fearful moral injury to ourselves.' He foresees the terrible results: 'Our action would inevitably involve the crushing of Belgium, the destruction of the Belgian towns, the annihilation of the Belgian armies of defense, and, worse still, the suppression of the entire population which was bound to defend itself against the invader with the utmost indignation.' But on this crucial question he found no one who was even capable of understanding:

Neither in public nor in private is there a single voice of protest on the subject of Belgium. In an article in the *Kölnische Zeitung* the well-known clergyman, Traub, declares, with a rashness typical of Protestant Prussia, that 'anyone who would venture to criticize this step is a traitor. The Chancellor's confession that we were committing a wrong converted that wrong into a right.' This is the kind of stuff the world may expect to hear from men described in Germany as liberal in their views, unorthodox, and inclined to the left in politics!

Well may he say, 'It is amazing how little an international conscience is as yet developed in Germany.'

This question of Belgium is important because, just as it is this which in Germany has confirmed his belief that his country was in the wrong, so, as we know in England, it was the question of Belgium which drove nearly all those who thought and felt as he did as to war into full and deliberate support of their country. And just for this reason we can be sure that every argument which convinced him of the injustice of the German cause would, had he lived

among us, have forced him, against all his own prejudices and most cherished ideals, to take his side decisively with the opponents of German aggression.

We hope that every effort will be made to render the book easily available to those among the working classes who still harbor doubts as to the issues that were and are at stake. An even cheaper popular edition should soon be prepared. For, living as he did in immediate contact with the very heart of modern Germany, he knew better than others what would be the result of a German victory.

The Prussia of to-day can only inspire the nations of Europe with a deeper hatred, can only goad them to demoniac frenzy. Prussia will rob them of all she can, and what she takes she will want to keep. She will surrender nothing of any value to herself; and if she gives it will always be at others' expense. Those whom she has conquered, those whom she has fallen upon and oppressed, will remain forever under her heel. She will force every foreign people to subordinate their civilization to her own barbarism. She believes in nothing but brute force in domestic and foreign politics alike. She recognizes no power on earth but compulsion.

This is the verdict written by one who knew the inside of Berlin, who as a director of Krupp's was in constant intercourse with those who above all others are responsible for and profit by the war. They were written in August, 1914; everything that has happened since has confirmed them. They are an expression of the ultimate truth that should be widely known.

Dr. Muehlon not only thinks but he observes. He gives us an analysis of German mentality at the outbreak of war which will remain with M. Cambon's study published in the French *Yellow Book* as one of the classical authorities; and it has this

advantage, that it is not open to the criticism that it comes from a biased source.

Germany was torn asunder with doubts, tossed in a medley of conflicting opinions, filled with distrust of her own preachers and with pessimism at the course given by the official steersman to the ship of State. The upshot of the matter was this: A group of Protestant Prussian bureaucrats, of officers, agrarians, and manufacturers professed to be leading the nation on towards a great and splendid future; but the people saw no advance. 'Where are the great ideals, the lofty programme of Germany?' people asked themselves. 'Were we not of more significance for the civilization of the world and for the progress of humanity in the time of our greatest political disunion and our extreme poverty than we are to-day?'

And so there arose the feeling that 'things could not go on as they were.' 'The situation must be cleared up.' 'The German people were positively waiting impatiently for the explosion and welcomed it as a relief when it came.' The ultimate reason why the nation welcomed war was the deep moral doubt and dissatisfaction that prevailed among them.

The book has not political, but what is rarer, real literary value. Nothing is more wearisome than the hundreds of books and pamphlets produced in every country, but above all in Germany, in which the authors seem only eager to shout as loudly as they can. We are reminded of them by a description which Dr. Muehlon gives of a crowd in a German town:

But, on the whole, the people I saw were, both individually and collectively, so dirty, so bumptious, rude, and inconsiderate — in a word, so outlandish and unsympathetic — that I withdrew from the hubbub, from the piercing catcalls and the coarse laughter, with a profound sense of shame and depression such as I have but seldom experienced. There was not a single fine or interesting feature in the crowd's behavior, not a trace of any inspiring or elevating emotion.

'Piercing catcalls and coarse laughter' — is not this a true description of much of the war literature? Political controversy can reach the level of literature only if the writer is animated by the genuine desire to attain to the truth and if he has not shrunk from probing to the deepest elements in his nature. It is because they have not done so that the German writers are so disappointing. The second-hand arguments, the *cliché*, the bombastic phrase, which we know so well — what do they really indicate, but that the writers use no self-criticism? They use words and phrases not to express what they have themselves beaten out by honest thought, but they employ the most noisy words that they can find so as to prevent themselves from thinking. For they dare not think; if they began to think they would no longer be able to use the ready-made arguments or the substitutes for thought which are doled out to them by the Government, or to act as a gramophone to the shouting of the crowd. Among the innumerable products of German patriotic writers we do not recollect a single one that bears the mark of the confident sincerity of a noble mind, not one that would be capable of inspiring sympathy and understanding among alien readers. None that make the higher appeal, as is done by Mr. Owen Wister's *Pentecost of Calamity*, and M. Hovelague's *Deeper Causes of the War*. Dr. Muehlon is not a great writer, but his style has the great merits of lucidity and sincerity, and for this reason it will remain as a permanently valuable document.

It would take too long to discuss or even to indicate the profoundly important matters with which he deals. But we should not be doing justice to ourselves if we let it be thought that the book has no criticism for other

countries than Germany. He says much that is fine and appreciative about this country; much that is based on false information. Some criticism it is only just to the author to quote:

In England the disease of spy-mania seems to be running a specially malignant course. That is partly due, no doubt, to the Englishman's conception of the 'foreigner,' whom he imagines to be craftier, cleverer, and bolder than himself, but bound in the end to come to grief when confronted with British composure and trustworthiness. It makes no difference if an Englishman of German origin has sons serving in the British army or navy; he and his family are suspects and must be prevented from doing harm. Even the First Lord of the Admiralty, Prince Louis of Battenberg, whose sons are fighting in the English ranks and whose nephew died for England, was attacked by the English press because of his German descent and compelled to resign his office. The helpless German proletariat that filled the London back streets and now fills the concentration camps is suspected of secret relations with the German Emperor and his military forces. Poor miserable little German shopkeepers are hounded into the gutter because they conduct bureaus for spreading news prejudicial to England. Waiters and clerks, formerly happy to have escaped from Germany and her military

The London Times

service, are supposed to be a disguised army of invasion or special couriers of His Majesty the Kaiser. If German ships reach the English coast, it must have been the treachery of German spies that showed them the way. If English soldiers are surprised, the German spy has been seen, disguised as a peasant, who reconnoitred and betrayed their position. German spies appear in the uniform of English officers to the Indian troops and command them to come out of their trenches. They present themselves, dressed as Belgian army doctors, to act as guides to English troops, and guide them into an ambush. Wherever the English go, wherever they meet, eat and drink, work or sleep, abroad or at home, they are shadowed by a German spy. But England need have no anxiety; the sons of Albion will discover him; no disguise or make-up, no linguistic skill or alertness — in short, nothing can save him from the steady English eye and the steady English hand.

One could almost laugh, if one did not pity the poor victims in England — those timid, clumsy, industrious fugitives who had hoped to exchange their native Germany for a better land.

Passages such as these show that the author is not merely the friend of every country but his own, but that as he welcomes generosity and nobility wherever he finds it, he is equally impartial in his censure.

FIRE

MUCH depends upon how the fires burn during the coming winter. It is suggested in some quarters that the Government will do well to hasten the General Election in order that the people may cast their votes before they have begun to feel the cold. The future of the world — whether we are to have war or peace, whether we are to have a League of Nations or a league of dominations — may easily depend on whether the average Englishman has a good coal fire burning in his sitting-room next October. If he has not (so we are told) he will become so disaffected that he will forget all about the war and vote for anyone who will promise him a full coal hole. For ourselves, we do not believe it. He is ready to endure even more than a fireless hearth. At the same time, he has not yet had to endure anything quite so bad in the sphere of purely material things. He was rather alarmed by the potato shortage last year, and he has looked blue at times as he has seen his weight coming down pound by pound as a result of the scarcity of butter. But on the whole his privations hardly deserve to be called by so grave a name. The average of comfort throughout the country has probably never been higher at any time in English history.

Without fires, however, it would be different. No one knows what it is to be uncomfortable who has not had to endure cold. Civilization had its birth in the first fire. The other animals can do most of the ordinary things that man does, but they cannot light fires. Anthropologists debate the question whether any tribes of men have ever been met which were as ignorant as

the animals in this respect. We hear of such tribes in travelers' tales, yet no traveler has ever been able to authenticate a case. Still, it is clear enough that there must have been a period at which human beings knew nothing about the secrets of fire. Sir James Frazer even holds that 'it seems likely that mankind possessed and used fire long before they learned how to kindle it.' They may, he thinks, have made use of the fires caused by lightning in the forests or may have lit their wood at the lava of volcanoes, which remains hot for years after an eruption. Or they may have lit their fire from the great twenty-foot-high jets of inflammable gas which rise from the ground in various places such as Baku. All these means of lighting fires may have been known before men ever thought of taking a leaf out of the book of castaways on a desert island and rubbing two sticks together as a charm against the cold. At the same time, one would fancy they must have discovered so simple a process fairly soon. It is said that a fire is sometimes caused in the tropics by the branches of a tree rubbing against each other in the heat of summer. If this is so, man has enough of the monkey in him to attempt to learn the reproduction of so odd an occurrence. He would begin to rub wood in order to produce fire just as he breaks a cocoanut in order to let the milk flow out. He would think of fire, indeed, as something imprisoned in the wood and capable of being released from it by friction. Or it may be that he first learned that fire was producible at will on observing how a spark from his flint instruments set fire to a

heap of dry leaves. To most of us it seems an obvious discovery enough. To primitive man, however, it was one of the most amazing things that ever happened, and only to be explained by dragging in the gods.

Certainly, one demands poetry in explanation of the coming of so incomparable a gift. It is easy for anyone but a rationalist to believe that Prometheus first stole fire from Heaven and hid it in a stalk of giant fennel, and so carried it to men. Every time one sees a firelit window at night or enters a room in which a great log is burning on a cold winter evening, one knows well enough that fire must have had a divine ancestry. Modern religions have, contrary to some of the older beliefs, made Hell the chief place of fires. Hell, according to some of the ancient stories, was a cold place; has not some poet written of 'the cold stone of Hell'? However that may be, Heaven has certainly been emasculated into a place without a fire. To a child it seems to have the temperature of a fine summer day, and maturer minds may think of it as a comfortable sort of place kept at an even temperature with hot-water pipes. Certainly, Vulcan has no part there. And yet, as we have suggested, the human race has not as a rule looked on fire as a devilish thing. They have even worshiped it, as in Persia and Peru, and half the religions of the world have a sacred fire which must be kept perpetually alight. Such a fire was watched over by the Vestal Virgins at Rome and by the Children of the Sun in Peru. Everywhere we find fire as the symbol of the god and the sign of purification. Many of the heroes and demigods were born of the fire. Romulus, according to one legend, was the son of a virgin whom fire had impregnated. The origin of these sacred fires, we are told, is

easily explained. Even after men had learned to produce fire by drilling one bit of wood into a hole in a softer bit, they still found it easier to light one fire from another that was already burning. Darwin met a savage who could produce fire by friction in a few seconds, but that must have been an expert. In any event, the ordinary native prefers to borrow a light from his neighbor as at the present time you will see Englishmen lighting one cigarette from another. This latter habit has become increasingly prevalent since the match shortage, and we can guess that the savage was even more reluctant to use his fire-drill than the modern man is to light a match. Hence it became convenient to keep a fire burning from which all the members of the tribe could procure a light for their private fires, and naturally the guardianship of this would fall into the hands of the chief. It is not difficult to imagine how this fire would gradually acquire a royal sacredness and how the spirit that gave life to it would grow into a god. The whole tradition of the tribe seems to burn with perpetual life in the fire on the sacred hearth. 'When the fire goes out at Onondaga,' said the chief of a Red Indian tribe, 'we shall no longer be a people.'

One can understand, however, how men came to dread fire as well as to venerate it. Fire is the symbol not only of life but of destruction. There are fire and brimstone in most of the prophecies of the end of the world. And man lives in a world in which it is possible that at any moment his own private hutch may be destroyed by fire. Gray was human enough in his terror of being burned in his bed. A comic story used to be told of the way in which the Cambridge undergraduates played on his nervousness in this matter and set booby-traps for

him at night with a shout of 'Fire!' outside his windows. It is one of the most entertaining anecdotes in English literature as Mr. Gosse relates it in his life of Gray. But, alas! the dry-as-dust say that it is not true. Even if it were, however, few of us could afford to laugh at Gray. Who of us is not sufficiently scared of fire to insure his house against it? Most of us trust to luck and sleep none the less soundly because of the small chance of being burned in our beds. But still we pay our insurance when the date comes round. Fire, indeed, is a wild beast, and we know that we have only half domesticated it. We do well for the most part to keep it in a cage. We know that, if it escapes only a few feet beyond its bars, it will become a ravening monster again and that we shall have to fight it for our lives. No monster, indeed, has ever taken such a toll of human beings. It is unlikely that the dragon against which St. George fought devoured a greater number of persons than were burned in the great Chicago fire of 1871, when 250 lives were lost. On the other hand, the number of lives lost in some of the most sensational fires in history is astonishingly low. When all London burned in 1666, from the Tower to the Temple, not more than six persons are said to have perished. The Great Fire of London was, it is now generally held, a gain rather than a loss. Fire swept over London not only as a destroyer but as a purifier. London had become a warren of foul streets, a breeding place of disease, and there was no cure for it but burning. One thinks more regretfully of the Communist firing of Paris in 1871. We are not willing to part with beautiful old streets for the sake of a political principle. There are few of the great cities of the world, however, which have not at one time or

another been devastated by fire. From Moscow to Chicago, from Constantinople to Edinburgh, fire has wandered like an angry god. Most of us have become reconciled to him. We enjoy the spectacle he affords us. We denounce Nero for his frivolousness while Rome was burning, but the average man's quickened sense of life at the sight of a house on fire suggests that there is something of Nero in most of us. We are sensationalists, more responsive to excitement than to pity. On the night of the first Zeppelin raid on London many people at once took taxis down to the scene of the fire in the East End. We enjoy seeing this domestic pet of the hearth when it has escaped from the bars. We like to see him feeding upon the walls and contents of houses and leaping rhythmically and triumphantly into the night sky, which is dotted, they say, with a million blazing fires. But, if we love a fire, we love to see it not only rampant but subdued. We regard the fight between man and the fire as a sort of gladiatorial combat, and when the fire slinks crouching back into its place we glory in yet another conquest by all-conquering man. The truth is, we only enjoy perilous things on the understanding that we can ultimately obtain the mastery over them. We meet them not in the spirit of victims, but in the spirit of fighters. On normal days we ask no more of fire than that it shall cook our food and keep us warm in winter. The mob, it is said, cheered the fire that burned down the House of Lords nearly a hundred years ago. But even the mob would not ask for this as an everyday occurrence. Most of us are content with a friendly fire on the hearth. We do not love it as a sensation worker or magician, but as all but a necessary partner in conversation and friendship and nodding dreams.

A LITERARY PROFESSOR*

A LITERARY professor and a professor of literature are not necessarily identical, and it was an agreeable departure when the appointment of Mr. Quiller-Couch, as he then was, to the Edward VII Chair of English Literature at Cambridge, recognized the fact that 'performances which have only genius, wit, and taste to recommend them' need not be an absolute disqualification for serious office.

To the ordinary human being a professor is apt to suggest a more amiable Mr. Casaubon, but the reader of the *Studies in Literature* will be reassured by finding that his new dignity had not in any way impaired the charm of its author's style or the humor of his observation.

These collections of fugitive pieces are grateful at any rate to the book lover. It would be a thousand pities if so much of excellent and varied work were not recovered from the comparative obscurity of the lecture-room and the quarterly reviews. The captious may recall the miner's critique of the dictionary as being 'full of good reading, but a trifle disconnected,' but no reasonable person can complain of diversity of interest in a volume which takes you from 'the commerce of thought' by way of the seventeenth-century poets to the novels of Charles Reade.

The paper on *Patriotism in Literature* is certainly of the moment.

He sees a delightful and subtle relationship between the Socratic irony of the 'Menexenus' and the war-songs of our soldiers.

'Oh, Menexenus, death in battle is

a fine thing. The poor fellow, however poor he was, gets a costly funeral and an elaborate speech by a wise man, who has prepared it long beforehand. He is praised for what he has done, and for what he has not done — that is the beauty of it.' One knows that speech so well, 'and the speaker so steals away our souls, Menexenus, that I, standing and listening, feel myself a finer fellow than ever I have been, and if there be any foreigners present I am made conscious of a certain superiority over them, and they seem to experience a corresponding awe of me, and, in fact, it takes me about three days to get over it' — not twenty-four hours longer than the man in the tube takes to get over one of our Prime Minister's speeches.

When Tommy sings.

Send for the boys of the girls' brigade
To set old England free;
Send for mother and my sister and brother,
But for Heaven's sake don't send me,

to Professor Cramb, who preferred the German method of *Deutschland über alles* it may seem a long way — even a longer way than to Tipperary — from the polite irony of Menexenus to the cheerful irony of the English private soldier. Still, the truth is, 'his irony, too, plays with patriotism just because he is at home with that holy spirit.' A fine taste which has learned not merely what to say, but what not to say.

The Englishman has a healthy distrust of the exuberant patriot. There is no lack of them to-day. Knight-hoods and O.B.E.'s are their portion. Fleet Street is their spiritual home. The last resource of a scoundrel has

**Studies in Literature*. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net.

become the first expedient of the climber and the profiteer. The English view is the sound one. A man who talks much of his patriotism is like a woman who prates of her virtue — with seemly folk both are taken for granted.

To talk patriotism implies that that is not innate, which is the unconscious birthright of every Briton.

As our author points out: 'The general good manners of Europe have been vexed for a generation by a people raw in character and uncouth of speech 'which has prospered by dint of training to a very high degree.' The misfortune is that this temporary prosperity has misled so many of us.

'That,' as we are reminded, 'the self-asserter is like Malvolio, a self-deceiver,' would never do for the Northcliffe Press.

Whether discussing the various theories of the origin of the ballad, tracing the influence of Horace on English verse, recalling to us the seventeenth-century poets that many of us have forgotten, if, indeed, we ever knew; doing justice to the Ancient Mariner — 'not in the whole range of English poetry — not in Shakespeare himself — has the lyrical genius of our language spoken with such a note.'

A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides,

and telling us that Matthew Arnold, matchless in criticism, as a poet seemed to be ever 'striving to reproduce the Greek note through verse subdued to a French flatness of tone.' All the poetic studies are full of interest and suggestion.

One welcomes his appreciation of Horace, who, he reminds us, was a great patriot. Though a good liberal, he will have none of Mr. Gladstone's translations of Horace, but his rhe-

torical question: 'Do you think at your age it is right?' is a little hard on the diversion of a retired politician.

One wishes he had not refused to discuss the question of translations. It is a curious art in which the worst may be actually the best. The good translator saves you the trouble of turning to the Lexicon for the words you have forgotten; the bad gives you an English paraphrase. Thackeray, who was always an artist, felt this. 'But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy, I prithee get ready at three' — is a real English equivalent of *Persicos odi*, but does not attempt translation.

'Swinburne' is full of interest. All the merits and faults of a public school education are summed up in Viscount St. Aldwyn's Eton recollection of the poet: 'A horrid little boy with a big head and pasty complexion, who looked as though a course of physical exercise would have done him good' — a discriminating answer to a biographer in search of sympathetic matter.

It says a great deal for that school, which at that time had not given in to the absurdity of compulsory games, that a boy who arrived there with a Bowdler's Shakespeare, with a blue ribbon marker, should in his maturity 'have spoken often and in affectionate terms of Eton.'

Of Thomas Hardy's pessimism he writes: 'It is a childless creed. It has no more evidence than Meredith's; intellectually, I find them equal, but Meredith has hope, hope for the young, and I must put my money on hope' — this is finely said.

The poetry of George Meredith and Thomas Hardy may be curious to the general public, though *The Dynasts* should be and perhaps is a popular success, but the plain man will be interested in Charles Reade's novels. People will never stop read-

ing *It Is Never Too Late to Mend*, and they are quite right. It is a fine spacious book; the interest never flags, and its success may have had something to do with prison reform.

Charles Reade was fond of the novel with a purpose. It was a sort of gentlemanly stunt. It had as much in common with the yellow press variant as Lily Dale with a suffragette, but it inclined public opinion towards the light, and provided much excellent reading.

He was the first to discover what interest was buried in *Blue Books*. His ideas on plagiarism were eccentric. When he transposed a page or two of Swift's *Polite Conversations* into one of his novels without acknowledgment, he could not understand why people objected. At one time he tried the odd expedient of printing the various passages of his novel in different type. Large for the rhetorical, and small for the sentimental, and so forth. Some critics, and by no means the worst, declare

The Saturday Review

The Cloister and the Hearth the best historical novel in English. To others the performance is incredibly tedious, but it has held its own and still claims an appreciative audience, for as Sir A. Quiller-Couch points out, Reade's genius was essentially dramatic, almost melodramatic.

The man was undoubtedly an eccentric. Unlike Shelley, Reade was not at a public school, and the result was he was as undisciplined as his books. 'Great as his merits were, he had a fatal talent for murdering his own reputation, for capping every triumph with an instant folly,' which was none the less disastrous for being prompted by a nature 'at once large, manly, generous, tender, incapable of self-control, constitutionally passionate,' and what was worse 'in passion as blind as a bat.'

Within the limits of an article it is impossible even to indicate all the matters of interest, but the remedy is simple and bears its own reward, the study of a delightful volume.

EMILY BRONTË

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

It was exactly one hundred years last August that Emily Brontë was born; she was born in August, 1818, and died December 19, 1848, at the age of thirty. The stoic in woman has been seen once only, and that in the only woman in whom there is seen the paradox of passion without sensuousness. She required no passionate experience to endow her with more than a memory of passion. Passion was alive in her as flame is alive in the earth. Her poems are all outcries, as her great novel, *Wuthering Heights*, is one long outcry. Rossetti, in 1854, wrote: 'I've been greatly interested in *Wuthering Heights*, the first novel I've read for an age, and the best (as regards power and style only) for two ages, except *Sidonia*. But it is a fiend of a book. The action is laid in hell — only it seems places and people have English names there.' He is not altogether right in what he says, and yet there is hell in the heart of Heathcliff, that magnificent and malevolent gypsy, who, to my mind, can only be compared with Borrow's creations in *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye* — such as the immortal Jasper Petulengro and Ursula, and with the lesser creations of Meredith's in *The Adventures of Harry Richmond*.

When Charlotte says of Emily that what 'her mind had gathered of the real concerning the people around her was too exclusively confined to their tragic and terrible traits, out of which she created Earnshaw and Catherine, and that having formed these beings, she did not know what she had done,'

there is no doubt that on the whole she is right. For these spirits are relentless and implacable, fallen and lost spirits, and it is only in this amazing novel that I find maledictions and curses and cries of anguish and writhings of agony and raptures of delight and passionate supplications, such as only abnormal creatures could contrive to express, and within the bounded space of the moors, made sad by sombre sunrises and glad by radiant sunsets. It is sad, colored, and desolate, but when gleams of sunlight or of starlight pierce the clouds that hang generally above it, a rare and sunny beauty comes into the bare outlines, quickening them with living splendor.

In the passionately tragic genius of Emily I find a primitive nature-worship; so strangely primitive that that wonderful scene of mad recrimination between the dying Catherine and the repentant Heathcliff, when she cries, 'I forgive you! Forgive me!' and he answers: 'Kiss me again; and don't let me see your eyes. I forgive what you have done to me. I love *my* murderer — but *yours*? How can I?' is almost comparable with a passage in *Macbeth*, where Banquo speaks of 'the temple-haunting martlet' and its loved masonry, which preludes Lady Macbeth's entrance from under the buttresses as the delicate air bears witness to the incarnate murder that swarms, snake-like, hidden under grass. Something of Emily's saturnine humor comes into the mouth of the Calvinistic farm servant, whose jests are as grim and as deadly and as

plague-like as the snowstorms that make winter unendurable.

Yes, this creature had, in herself and in her imagination, something solitary and sorrowful — that of a woman who lived, literally, alone — and whose genius had no scorn. She, who believed in the indestructible God within herself, was silenced forever; herself and her genius which had moved as a wind and moved as the sea in tumult, and moved as the thunder clouds in fury upon the tragical and perilous waters of passion that surround 'the topless towers' of *Wuthering Heights*.

In one who, like Emily Brontë, was always dying of too much life, one can imagine the sensitive reticences, the glowing eyes, and the strain of the vehemences of that inner fire that fed on itself, which gave her her taciturnity. 'It is useless to ask her; you get no answers. The awful point was that, while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the fading eyes, the same service was exacted as they had rendered in health.'

'The spirit inexorable to the flesh' — there is the whole secret of what in her life was her genius. Alone with herself — with her soul and her body — she allows herself no respite: for she was always of an unresting nature. So in the words of Pater — who told me of his enormous admiration for her prose — 'we are all *condamnés à mort avec des sursis indéfinis*; we have our interval and then our place knows us no more.' How she spent these 'intervals' must be forever unknown. Not in high passions, I imagine, nor in wisdom, nor in care for material things; but in moods of passion, in intellectual excitement, in an inexhaustible curiosity, in an ironical contemplation 'of the counted pulses of a variegated, dra-

matic life.' But never, I am certain, was she ever capable — as she watches the weaving and unweaving of herself — of the base corruption of what his existence was to Beardsley. 'That he should be so honest with his fear,' I have written of him, 'that he should sit down before its face and study it feature by feature: that he should never turn aside his eyes for more than one instant, make no attempt to escape, but sit at home with it, travel with it, see it in his mirror, taste it in the sacrament: that is the marvelous thing, and the sign of his fundamental sincerity in life and art.'

Emily Brontë's passionate and daring genius attains this utmost limit of tragedy, and with this a sense — an extreme sense — of the mystery of terror which lurks in all the highest poetry as certainly in her lyrical prose; a quality which distinguishes such prose and verse from all that is but a little lower than the highest. Her genius is sombre in the sense that Webster is, but much less dramatic. Neither his tragedies nor her novel are well-constructed; and in her case something is certainly lacking; for her narrative is dominated by sheer chance, and guided by mere accident. And I think that she, with her sleepless imagination, might have said as the child Giovanni in Webster's Tragedy says: 'I have not slept these six nights. When do the dead walk?' and is answered: 'When God shall please.' When in disguise she sings of the useless rebellions of the earth, rarely has a more poignant cry been wrenched out of 'a soul on the rack' — that is to say, since Santa Teresa sang:

A soul in God, hidden from sin,
What more desires for thee remain,
Save but to love, and love again
And, all on flame, with love within,
Love on, and turn to love again?

than this stanza:

O! dreadful is the shock — intense the agony —
 When the ear begins to hear, and the eye
 begins to see;
 When the pulse begins to throb, the brain
 to think again,
 The soul to feel the flesh and the flesh to
 feel the chain.

At times there is a tragic sublimity in her imagination, which gathers together, as it were, the winds from the world's four quarters, that howled in winter nights across the moor around the house she lived in. Indeed, the very storm of her genius hovers in the air between things sublime and things hideous. 'There never was such a thunderstorm of a play,' said Swinburne on Cyril Tourneur's *Revenger's Tragedy*. I am inclined to add: 'There

The Nation

never was such a thunderstorm of a novel as *Wuthering Heights*.' And it is blood-stained with the blood of the roses of sunsets; the heavy atmosphere is sultry as the hush and heat and awe of midnight; sad visions appear with tragic countenances, fugitives try in vain to escape from the insane brooding of their consciences. And there are serviceable shadows; implacable self-devotions and implacable cruelties; vengeance unassuaged; and a kind of unscrupulous ferocity is seen not only in Heathcliff, but in one of his victims. And there are startling scenes and sentences that, once impressed on the memory, are unforgettable; as scarlet flowers of evil and as poisonous weeds they take root in one.

WAR-TIME FINANCE

CAPITAL AND LABOR

FOR the time being we are all so much engrossed in carrying on the war — and, to speak quite frankly, we are so conscious of our own incapacity to speak for the nation — that we are doing little in the way of preparing to meet the great difficulties that will confront us whenever the happy time arrives that peace will be restored. To some extent our conduct is not merely justifiable, but is wise, for there are great questions which cannot be really settled till the fighting men are once more at home. They must have a voice in the settlement, or they will know the reason why. There is, however, one great question which, we make bold to say, can be

settled without waiting for peace, and we would again invite the attention of our readers to it, for every day that it remains unsettled it becomes more difficult, and may easily also become more dangerous. It is the relations between capital and labor. We venture to submit that it belongs to the employers rather than to the employed to begin the negotiations which must settle a most perplexing question, firstly, because so many of the workmen are with the army that it is useless to talk of a settlement until they are free from the bonds of discipline. A great many of the capitalists, we freely admit, are also serving with the army. But the capitalists are sufficiently well represented at home to be able to bind the whole

body if they can agree among themselves; whereas the workingmen at home cannot affect to be able to bind the workingmen abroad. We would, therefore, in the most friendly and respectful manner, invite our readers among employers to think most carefully — ay, and most anxiously — of the very grave question to which we are referring, and, having weighed all the arguments for and against every conceivable settlement, to come to some conclusion, and then to invite the workpeople to give a response upon it. We of this Journal are persuaded that no permanent settlement can be arrived at by a mere wages arrangement, no matter how the question of wages is settled. Wages are the pay given to workingmen for supplying the brains as well as the thews and sinews which perform what is called production. When everything is said, the employers simply provide capital — which means they provide premises where the work is done, material upon which the work is laid out, and all the machinery requisite to carry the work through from beginning to end. That is simply, in the plainest and shortest language, what capital does. It may be objected that we have left out the planning. Well, the planning is performed really and truly by the staffs in the employment of the capitalists. There may be a capitalist here and there who is also a specialist in the business over which he presides. But capitalists of that kind are so few that they may be left out of account. In the great majority of cases the capitalist does just what we stated above, and the real planning, the real specification, the real mental activity, all are supplied by special officials paid by the capitalists. Then there are large numbers of managers and sub-managers, of assistant managers and of clerks,

and goodness knows what besides. But these are little more than the junior officers of an army. The commander-in-chief is the man who provides the brain which sketches the work, and the work itself is done by the workmen.

Capital, then, plays but a very subordinate part. It enables special men to employ large numbers of other men, including the men of brains. But it ends there. The work has to be done by the brains and the thews and sinews. Now we dwell upon all this not to give offense to our readers, or to stir up the workpeople to demand more than is their due, but to endeavor to induce employers generally to look the facts clearly in the face and recognize the position in which they themselves stand. We are encouraged to dwell upon this aspect of the case because in our experience we find that workingmen are almost as unwilling to admit the real facts of the case as are the employers. There is a great deal of prejudice, a great deal of superstition, and, we would add very respectfully, without any wish to give offense, an immense amount of ignorance standing in the way of a reasonable settlement between employers and employed. Anybody who will think for a while will see that there really is a partnership between employers and employed. Employers are too few to do the work of the world, and the employed have not the capital to keep going without the assistance of employers. Therefore, the employers need the workpeople, and the workpeople need the employers. There is mutual need, and there is mutual assistance. There ought to be, therefore, a means of coming to an agreement. We believe, there is if both sides will only look the facts straight in the face. Our own experience is that multitudes of work-

people jib at the notion of dropping in any way their demand for increases and continued increases of wages. We believe they are absolutely mistaken in thinking that they can enforce such a policy. There is a limit to the prices the public will pay. And remember that, beyond employers and employed, there is the great consuming public, which has, and must have, the final say in the matter. There is a limit to what the consuming public will pay; and that limit will be fixed hard and fast if the occasion arises. But there is an honest desire throughout the great consuming public that in this time and in this place there should be no avoidable dispute, much less quarrel, between any two great sections of the community. We all want a friendly settlement. We want employers to get what is due to them. We want the employed to be as comfortable as the nature of the case admits of. But we want a settlement. Who gets a little more than the other does not concern us very much. We want a settlement; and we want a settlement as fair as can be arranged. Now we of this Journal, speaking apart from the great consuming public, hold very strongly that there is a limit to the rise in wages; that besides, tinkering about wages is an unscientific and a blundering way of going to work. We admit that it was a quite natural way a hundred years ago. When the workpeople first formed trade unions, and found themselves in a position to face their employers, the wage question was, perhaps, the very best to begin with. But things have altered now. There is a limit beyond which prices must not be carried. And remember that the consuming public includes not only the whole public beyond and without employers and employed, but the entire body of the employers and the em-

ployed likewise. Everybody is a consumer, but everybody is not either an employer or an employee. Consequently there is a limit beyond which wages cannot be carried; and, furthermore, there is a limit beyond which the consuming public will not allow either employers or employed to seriously injure the trade of the country. We are now almost deprived of our trade. We are hoping anxiously, hesitatingly, with little confidence in some cases, that we may recover our trade; that we may do even a better trade than heretofore. But is there a man of common sense among us who does not know that our difficulties are immense, and that the danger of failure is by no means small? Therefore, we would urge again upon employers in this time, when the whole nation is fighting for its existence, to come forward and see whether they cannot settle once and for all a very thorny and a very difficult question.

The Statist

FREE TRADE IN CAPITAL

LORD WRENBURY'S Committee appointed last February 'to inquire what amendments are expedient in the Companies Acts, 1908 to 1917, particularly having regard to circumstances arising out of the war and of the developments likely to arise on its conclusion,' has issued a very sensible report (Cd. 9138, 2d). It decides in effect that circumstances arising out of the war are inevitably impossible to gauge until the war is over and the Government has made up its mind as to its after-war economic policy, and that, otherwise, company law will do very well as it is. This 'Can't you leave it alone?' attitude is refreshing in times when all kinds of eager reformers are calling on the Government to turn all insti-

tutions upside down just to see whether they might not work better when standing on their heads. If it agrees too readily with Dr. Pangloss, that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, it is a great improvement on the demand for change for its own sake, at a time when it will be above all things desirable to know where we stand. The question that lay in the forefront of the committee's investigations was, rather surprisingly, the employment of foreign capital in British industries. One might have thought that if there is one thing obvious it is that capital will be wanted after the war, and should be welcomed with open arms from whatever source it comes. British industry will need it sorely for the purchase of raw materials and for reorganization purposes, and ought surely to be relied on to make good and profitable use of it in view of the demand that is probable for finished products. A keen demand for our goods from many countries may fairly be expected, unless we are stupid enough to kill it by imposing tariffs on imports, and so making it difficult for buyers to make payment. If industry is to get to work quickly, preventing an overstocked labor market owing to demobilization, and if national finance is to be helped by low interest rates for funding and other purposes, the most rapid possible creation of capital at home and the freest possible inflow of capital from abroad seem to be unquestionable advantages when peace comes. But so far have we gone towards the parish pump ideal of keeping out foreign goods for fear they should hurt us (though the mere fact that we buy them would seem to show that we want them), that anything foreign, even capital, seems now to be an object of suspicion in the minds of some sections of the public. This

parochial attitude is a curious effect of a war in which the chief nations of the earth are banded together to resist a menace to civilization. We hope and believe that it is cherished by people who are noisy rather than influential, and that when the nation has a chance of expressing itself it will show a hearty and common-sense contempt for these proposals to put back the economic clock.

The committee developed little difference of opinion on what it called the 'preliminary question,' whether it is desirable that foreign capital should be freely attracted to this country. 'The maintenance of London,' its report observes, 'as the financial centre of the world is of the first importance for the well-being of the Empire,' and it states that any attempts at restriction on the free flow of capital here should be jealously watched, 'lest in the endeavor to prevent what has come to be called "peaceful penetration" the normal course of commercial development should be arrested.' We venture to suggest that a much bigger question is at stake than that of London's position as financial centre; big as that question is, it is not as important as that of our industrial efficiency, and if we lose industrial efficiency in the widest sense of the term — the power to produce goods and services of all kinds — our position as a financial centre, if it can be maintained at all will rest on an artificial and insecure basis. Industrial efficiency will need a free supply of capital; and the first thing to be done in the interests of the nation as a whole and every one of its citizens will be to set the wheels of industry going as quickly as possible, so that all who want to work can work, all who want to buy can buy, and all who want to sell can sell. These platitudes have to be set down

because so many well-meaning people are anxious, by all kinds of devices of Government control, restrictions, boycotts, and international spite and malevolence, to put clogs on the wheel at a time when it will be in any case hard enough to set it spinning. The committee points out, presumably as a consolation to those who are afraid of foreign capital, that our present enemies are not likely to have any capital to dispose of for external employment, and that to impose restrictions aimed against them with the result of deterring the flow of capital from America would be a highly injurious policy. This is clearly true. By the time Germany has carried out the programme of restitution and reparation that justice demands and the Allies will enforce, she is by no means likely to be a free lender. But even if it were otherwise, and German capitalists wanted to supply British industry with part of the capital for which it will be craving, would it not be a 'highly injurious policy' to stop them? Capital means power to get to work. Getting to work after war on a peace basis will be an extremely difficult job. If our enemies could and would help us to tackle it, how much harm should we do ourselves by refusing to let them do so? If the inflow of enemy capital were on so great a scale as to imply the actual control of any of our important industries, then we might begin to impose restrictions. But how much possibility is there of this, after the war or at any time? The power of a foreign capitalist to control an industry is at all times severely limited, as our

capitalists well know who have organized industries abroad. The factory, railway, or whatever it may be, the plant and machinery — all that capital represents — are in the country where the enterprise works amenable to any action that its Government may find it necessary to take, and depending for their power to work on the feelings of its inhabitants. We, who have done so much for the world's development by means of 'peaceful penetration' through investment, have good reason to know how delicate a job it is and how vulnerable is the position of the foreign capitalist. The committee, however, thinks it necessary, in case the Government should wish to impose restrictions on enemy capital, to indicate means by which they might be carried. They will repay the study of the curious, and the chief conclusion to be drawn from them is the infinitude of the complications that would arise if any attempt were made to enforce them, and their probable futility. It is difficult to trace the real ownership of goods. In the case of capital the difficulty is many times multiplied.

As to internal questions, the most interesting recommendations made by the committee are, that the issue of shares at a discount, which has long been possible in fact, should be made so in law; and that restrictions on the issue of capital, similar to those now exercised by the Fresh Issues Committee of the Treasury, should not be imposed, being 'quite out of keeping with the freedom' which it thinks desirable.

The Economist

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Captain James Hall, the author of *Kitchener's Mob*, is wounded and a prisoner in Germany. Before his capture, Captain Hall had completed an account of his flying experiences, which is soon to be published under the title of *High Adventure*.

The London *Book Monthly*, founded in the year 1903 by James Milne, has been taken over by the proprietors of *The Graphic*, and will hereafter be published as a quarterly, beginning with this month. Mr. Milne, who has edited it since its foundation, will continue his editorship.

The authorized English translation of the official collection of diplomatic documents relating to Brazil's entrance into the war, as issued by the Brazilian Government, is to be published under the title of *The Brazilian Green Book* by Messrs. Allen and Unwin.

The London *Chronicle* wonders whether Mr. John Masefield will ever use the Doctor's degree which Yale University has conferred upon him. It recalls the same honor conferred by the same University upon Mr. Alfred Noyes five years ago, but has never seen him described as "Dr. Noyes." Mr. Frederic Harrison has been given three doctorates, but still prefers "Mr." to "Dr." Perhaps that is the way with literary men.

The first number of *Reveill  *, a Government quarterly devoted to disabled soldiers and sailors, has appeared in London, under the editorship of John Galsworthy. Editor and

contributors alike have given of their best for they are unpaid. Among the contributors are Rudyard Kipling, Max Beerbohm, Joseph Conrad, J. M. Barrie, E. V. Lucas, Jerome K. Jerome and many others. Mr. Beerbohm's contribution is a colored drawing, the first of a series of 'British Artists at the Front,' which depicts Sir William Orpen sketching under the critical eyes of German prisoners, whose comment is attached; Mr. Kipling is represented by a long and characteristic poem 'The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me'; there is a clever playlet by Sir James Barrie, *Barbara's Wedding*; Mr. Galsworthy writes wisely and sympathetically about the refitment of the disabled for the life they will have to live after the war; there is an article on restorative treatment by Sir John Collie; and Sir Robert Jones contributes an enthusiastic exposition of *The Romance of Surgery*.

The *Athen  um* remarks truthfully that taking stock of the Victorians is undoubtedly the literary game of the moment. It was begun a couple of months ago by Mr. Lytton Strachey; it received an impetus from the publication of Mr. Asquith's Romanes Lecture on *Some Aspects of the Victorian Age* (the Clarendon Press); and it appears in another form in Mr. E. Belfort Bax's *Reminiscences and Reflections of a Mid and Late Victorian* (Allen & Unwin). Mr. Asquith summarizes the Victorian age as 'an era when England was ruled by the middle class, who lived and moved, for the most part — and quite contentedly — in unpicturesque and uninspiring sur-

roundings,' when even the 'growing pains' of democracy were hardly beginning to be felt, and the ideal set before any workman of more than average capacity and ambition was that he might in time rise from his own class, and become an employer of labor himself. Mr. Bax describes the middle period of that era as 'a world of tallow candles, snuffers, tea-urns, women's hair-nets and crinolines, men's broadcloth, stocks, and pot-hats, four-post bedsteads, featherbeds, hymns, and oratorios,' and unconscious hypocrisy.

Gabriel d'Annunzio, the famous Italian poet and dramatist, has won unique distinction as a soldier since the war began. He has added exploit to exploit, stealing into enemy ports in small craft at night to torpedo battleships, and carrying out the longest and most dangerous air raids. He now regularly commands a squadron of picked young airmen. Recently he conducted his squadron to Vienna, and greatly startled the people of that city. He cruised above the centre of Vienna, circling about Graben, swinging round the Ringstrasse and, from 3,000 feet, dropping 200,000 manifestoes in Italian and German urging the Viennese to throw off their servitude to Prussia and reminding them that these proclamations might easily have been bombs. There was also a vigorous little address to the Viennese signed by d'Annunzio himself. Even in peace time it would have been a great flight—700 miles there and back in 6 hours 35 minutes at an average height of just over 16,000 feet. But the credit of the enterprise in war is that for 5½ hours of its course the little Italian squadron was right in the heart of the enemy country.

All but one of the eight Italian machines came back.

Lord Esher, writing in the *London Post*, demurs vigorously to the portraits of 'Eminent Victorians' presented in Mr. Strachey's recently-published book with that title. He regards them as little better than caricatures. He says:

The modern style of presenting the nobler figures of history requires that we should remember Florence Nightingale as an ill-tempered, importunate spinster, who drove a statesman to his death, and as a senile invalid, decorated ludicrously by Sir Douglas Dawson, rather than in the guise of the devoted nurse who stands within a few yards of the dignified statue of Sidney Herbert in Pall-mall. Arthur Clough, the delicate poet, the prototype of 'Thyrsis' and the 'Scholar Gypsy,' is by his latest delineator drawn as an anæmic tier-up of parcels for a cross-grained old woman. Dr. Keate's world-famed portrait in 'Eothen,' the man within whose small girth 'was concentrated the pluck of ten battalions,' whose portrait was 'scratched on every whitewashed wall from Canada to Bundelkund' by his old pupils, becomes a mere Squeers, a whipper of small boys.... Cardinal Manning, as I knew him, was a statesman of broad views, and a sympathetic, chivalrous, and undaunted friend to the poor of all denominations; and if his historic love for the Catholic Church and profound belief in her mission are confounded with personal aims it can only be from lack of insight. . .

Finally, when years ago I published some extracts from General Gordon's letters to me, I had occasion to reply to the veiled charge that he was a mad man and a drunkard, and that his Journals and Letters from Khartoum were inspired by 'intoxicated' ambition. I am one of the very few left who knew Gordon intimately. General Broocklehurst (now Lord Ranksborough) is another, and he would endorse what I say. The story is a lie. The popular instinct about General Gordon was sure and true. In his presence, before his simplicity, enthusiasm, and sincere faith in God, the proudest felt humble and the most conceited felt ridiculous.

THE REWARD

BY WINIFRED A. COOK

If you cover your hurt with a jest,
lad; and make light of the fact
you're hit,
And laugh in the face of danger, oh,
then you have done your bit;
When the odds are all against you,
and in spite of the fact die game,
Oh, then you have earned your laurels,
and a deathless right to fame!

When the glare of the star-shells blinds
you to the light of the stars of
God,

And your pals are falling around you,
or maybe under the sod;

If seeing beyond the moment, with
the eye of a giant faith,

Oh, then you have known the spirit
that mocks at a foe like Death!

When the blast of the gun-fire deadens
all sounds that are good to hear —

The song of the birds at daybreak, a
comrade's voice in your ear —

If deep in the hideous tumult the
still, small voice is heard,

Oh, then you have shared with heroes
the triumph of those who dared!

If, crippled and maimed in body, you
keep — with a man's control —

The fortress — unspoilt and lovely —
of your impregnable soul;

Oh, then there is none can hurt you,
defended you take your stand,

For the power of the Lord is with
you, to strengthen you, heart
and hand!

If nothing can daunt your courage, or
breed in you panic fear,

And you cherish your sense of humor
in a game that has cost so dear;

Though the luck be dead against you,
and you follow your pals to the
'West,'

With the great you have known the
glory of having achieved the best!

The Westminster Gazette

DEBTORS

BY BRYCE McMASTER

Our land is ours no longer. England
lies

Theirs who have saved Her. All our
love and pride

Hostage to unknown men who fought
and died.

All our old Kingships are but Regen-
cies.

What count all State and Priestcraft,
Dignities?

Are any now by honors glorified
Whom sacrifice hath saved or sancti-
fied?

All our past pomps are insincerities.

Nay, we are Debtors. For each Eng-
lish day;

Our children; the dear places where
we dwell;

The air we breathe; this ransomed
land; our bread.

Something at least we can to those
repay —

Blinded or broken — who return from
hell,

But not the debt we owe to them our
Dead.

The Outlook

FROM A GERMAN PRISON CAMP

BY PETER WARREN (2d Lt., R.F.C.)

Spring comes so quietly you cannot
tell

When it is near.

Nor eye nor ear

Could well discern the little buds that
swell,

The things that change the year;

Only a feeling in the air!

Joy comes so quietly you cannot know

Where sorrows part,

Nor by what art

The weary hours of life can lovely
grow

And long-sought rapture start;

Only a feeling in the heart!

The Nation